the weekly Standard

NOVEMBER 2, 1998 • $3.50

FIGHTING TERRORISM
ANDREW C. McCARTHY

Back off, dude

CALIFORNIA

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MATT LABASH: Bob Dornan—He's Baaack

CATHERINE SEIPP: The Hollywood Right

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Moral Absolutism in Hollywood

Last week's *Daily Variety* brought word that lying is not, after all, okay. The ends don't justify the means. If people feel "conned" by someone's lies, someone they trusted, then heads should roll.

Daily Variety, you see, uncovered a scam. A TV writer you've probably never heard of, "18-year-old Riley Weston" who helped create this fall's hot new series *Felicity*, turns out to be 32-year-old actress Kimberlee Elizabeth Kramer, who legally changed her name because she was in the "entertainment business" and then lied about her age because it made a good story for someone selling a drama about a college freshman. *Entertainment Weekly* got taken in; so did *Daily Variety*; so did the production company and numerous others.

Weston's defense: It's "an accepted practice for actresses to lie about their age." But a lawyer for the producer who felt "conned" by the age thing said, no, the issue is one of trust: "If a woman is willing to misrepresent herself, how do we even know her work is really her own?"

Oh, by the way, it's still okay by show-biz types if the president lies about sex. Everyone does that.

The Virtues of Tenure

The classic defense of tenure for university professors holds that the pursuit of truth and the robust life of the mind would be empty ideals in the absence of such extraordinary job security; that fear of reprisal would lead to intellectual conformity. The irony is that the faculty lounge is the last place one goes looking for courageous non-conformity these days. Tenured academics by and large comprise a timid and self-censoring careerist herd.

With honorable exceptions. And if ever a man is going to find himself in need of tenure, it will be Harvard's Kenan professor of government (and occasional contributor to The Weekly Standard) Harvey C. Mansfield, who stood up last week in a full meeting of the university's arts and sciences faculty to denounce the politicized choice of commencement speakers. With exemplary concision, he summed up the succession of celebrity speakers—former Irish president Mary Robinson, former president of the Philippines Corazón Aquino, and Norwegian prime minister Gro Harlem Brundtland—as "three women, three liberals, and three mediocrities." Why not honor a woman of historic stature, such as Margaret Thatcher, he pointedly inquired?

The discussion at Harvard, we are told, was indeed robust—running the gamut from gasp to hiss.

Character Counts

Last week was National Character Counts Week, and the White House issued a sugary proclamation, as it has every year since 1994, when Congress created the happy occasion. The Scrapbook feels the pain of the White House writer who had the task of ghosting the annual character proclamation for the signature of William J. Clinton. This year's proclamation wisely stuck to a theme—citizen service—that wouldn't give rise to cognitive dissonance.

"Whether we teach children to read, mentor young people, work at a food bank or homeless shelter, or care for people living with AIDS," it read, "citizen service calls forth the best from each of us." An unexceptional sermon on the Social Gospel, yes, but what a contrast with past proclamations! The words "trust," "responsibility," "honesty," "accountability," and "respect," all of which showed up in the earlier proclamations, didn't make the cut this time.

Last year's proclamation, like the ones before, described the family as "the cradle of character, giving children their first crucial lessons in attitude and behavior"—this year, who wants to talk about character formation? The 1997 proclamation featured the president's request that "all Americans demonstrate in their personal and public lives . . . the high ethical standards that are essential to good character and to the continued success of our nation"—this year, the continued success of our nation depends on volunteering, especially for the president's AmeriCorps boondoggle.

In the first such proclamation in 1994, a younger and more carefree president argued that "our concern about character and ethics is one of the great strengths of our Nation." Coming next October: It's the Thought that Counts Week.

News Flash

The *New York Times* editorial page last week concluded that "Alger Hiss was most likely a Soviet agent, despite his denials." In the works: tax cheat Al Capone, it turns out, was probably a mobster.

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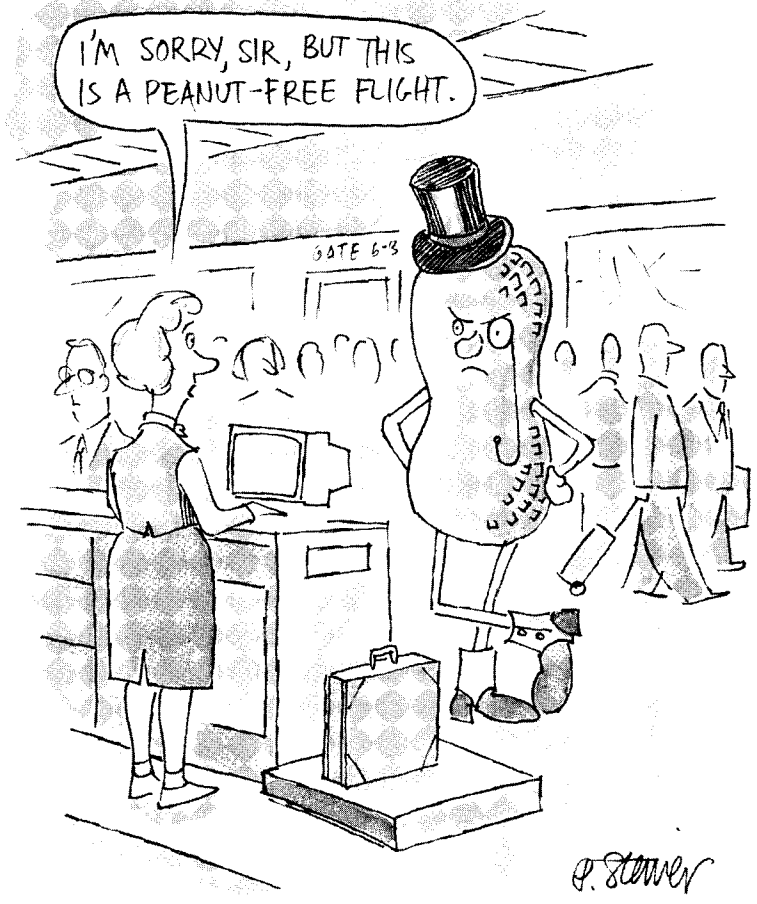
Scrapbook



ACLU Diversity

The case was finally over. The truck driver who in March 1997 had casually dumped cardboard boxes full of aborted babies in a California field was sentenced to 71 days in jail for "illegally disposing of medical waste." And San Bernardino county coroner Brian McCormick didn't know what to do with the "evidence." So he jumped at the opportunity when some pro-life groups called in early October with an offer to "dispose" of the bodies respectfully by burying them in Riverside's Crestlawn cemetery.

But that was too much for the Southern California branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, which immediately threatened a lawsuit over the handling of "this fetal material." After all, the ACLU's intimidating letter declared, the "discarding of fetuses in this manner raises concerns about the county coroner's failure to adhere to California health laws." Indeed, the coroner's office faced "the embarrassment of having an injunction issued against it and damages being assessed."

A week later, sitting on a panel moderated by Justice Antonin Scalia in Washington, the national president of the ACLU, Nadine Strossen, was surprised by a question about the action of her organization's Southern California branch. Exactly whose civil liberties were being protected in the effort to keep the corpses from being buried? Is it the established position of the ACLU that anyone who thinks unborn children are human beings must be operating from a religious point of view, and that anyone who operates from a religious point of view is to be banned from public action? Unable to think of any civil-liberties justification, Strossen insisted that the ACLU is actually a supporter of religious rights, and besides, "many groups call themselves branches of the ACLU when they're not."

Wow. The Scrapbook was fascinated at the spectacle of the ACLU's national headquarters excommunicating its anti-religious branch offices. Why, if this were the beginning of a trend, religious believers might even have to stop thinking of "ACLU" as a four-letter word.

But Strossen, it turned out, was simply using the time-honored tactic of the ACLU's national presidents, temporarily distancing herself from a local group's actions until she could think up the convoluted, counterintuitive sort of justification that allows America's most famous self-proclaimed defenders of civil rights to argue that religious believers have no rights. "She made a mistake," says Elizabeth Schroeder, the local branch's associate director, who then quotes the official pronouncement from the national headquarters: "Nadine Strossen now fully understands and supports the position of the ACLU of Southern California." So there.

The burial, by the way, took place on October 11. No word yet on whether one of the rogue local ACLU chapters will sue to have the 54 tiny caskets disinterred.

Ken Starr Can't Win

Starr not hung up on sex, wife says in his defense

(Headline in the *Washington Times*)

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Correspondence

Un-doomed Democrats

I desperately hope that William Kristol's dire predictions for the Democratic party are proved accurate in every particular ("The Democrats' Fate," Oct. 19). However, I fear that once again we conservatives are in for a bitter disappointment owing to our Reaganesque, but unjustified, confidence in the sound judgment of the American people.

My pessimistic sense is that what Robert Bork has called "modern liberalism," having extended outward or downward from our once-great universities and other elite institutions, has so corrupted American culture and society that Democrats are more likely to be rewarded than punished for their contemptible, though deft, defense of the president.

Since the Lewinsky scandal broke last January, Kristol has been predicting the imminent demise of Clinton and his administration, but today's polls tend to show that roughly two-thirds of voters still oppose his resignation or removal from office. They seem considerably more put out by Republicans' investigation of Clinton's criminal misconduct than by the misconduct itself.

My present guess is that the prediction of just a month ago, that Republicans will score substantial gains in both the Senate and the House in November, will not be borne out, and that the actual gains will be a much more modest two Senate and four or five House seats. An electoral result of that kind will be widely interpreted as voters' expressing opposition to Clinton's removal and as a rebuke to Republicans for distracting Congress from issues "the American people really care about," as if having a likely felon in the Oval Office were of no particular concern to them.

Astonishingly, I'm afraid that the Democrats' calculation will be proved accurate enough for government work, and that Clinton will complete his term with his relatively high approval ratings intact, and possibly even higher.

I have never more fervently hoped that I am wrong about all of this. If I am, I'll happily buy Kristol a dinner at the Washington restaurant of his choice should our paths ever cross again.

MAURY HOLLAND
EUGENE, OR

Foul Ball, Not Home Run

I am chagrined by the thought that my fellow conservatives see the Starr report as a "home run" ("Case Closed," Sept. 21). Rather, I think it's obscene, a frontal attack on the idea of limited government and individual privacy, and the purveyor of shoddy constitutional doctrines and interpretations that we would condemn if others had proposed them.

How many of us have been arguing for years that the NEA should be shut down for using tax dollars to distribute

obscenity? Well, now we did it ourselves. And the repetition of sexual matters in the report, far beyond what was necessary to prove the original lie, was gratuitous and deadly, just like ordinary pornography. And shame on the Congress that pimped it.

Gratuitous also were comments so unnecessary to the case at hand that they seem to bespeak a joy at exercising arbitrary power and a willful invasion of privacy. (To what legitimate purpose was the president cited as saying that he didn't know if his marriage would last? None; it was simply a way of piling on.) I am sure the founders did not want government agents exposing small and intimate conversations, no matter how tawdry. We needn't be libertarians to know that this quasi-arbitrary power exercised with such glee is hardly what we mean by limited government.

Finally, I find it hard to believe that any of the eleven charges—or all of them together—rise to the level of high crimes. Even if we were convinced it truly was perjury, have we so flexible a Constitution that the impeachment clause now stoops that low? And having argued for so long for a return to the founders' intentions, why do we find ourselves siding with the view that, in this arena, the Constitution might be anything Congress wants it to be?

Many of us who served in the Reagan administration experienced strong, even bitter, partisan opposition. But no attack rose to this level of indecency. My guess is that the lasting result of all this will not be the removal of the president. Rather, the result will be the removal from all decent people of the willingness to stand and serve. Then only those who care nothing about their honor will forge on.

JOHN AGRESTO
SANTA FE, NM

Of Cecil and Bubba

Joseph Epstein remarks that Bill Clinton was not the kind of person Cecil Rhodes "had in mind" for his Oxford scholars ("Oxbridge Envy," Oct. 19). On the contrary, Cecil thought of his Rhodes scholars as men (no women) like himself. He and Clinton are both narcissistic, megalomaniacal, mendacious rogues. There is one difference between the two: Cecil was strictly homosexual; Clinton, apparently, is exclusively heterosexual.

NORMAN F. CANTOR
SAG HARBOR, NY

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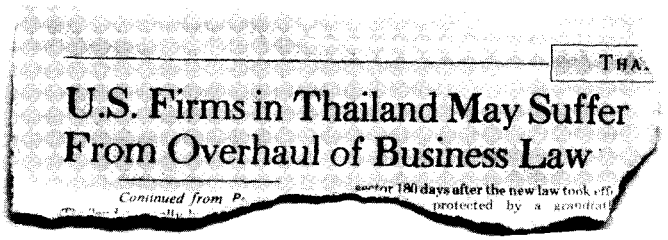
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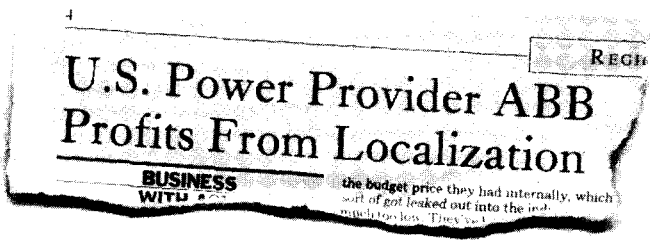
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Casual

Esteem Bath

Fall means field hockey to me. Most years, the cool, bright weather reminds me of the glory days, but this season I'm coaching a high-school team. My girls are wonderfully talented and, at least on the field, uncomplicated. I can't imagine I ever played with the sense of delight that they do.

These nineteen young women were on my mind as I made my way the other day to the kickoff event for "Helping Girls Become Strong Women," a public-service project dreamed up by some market-savvy companies, with the requisite celebrities and "women's-health advocates" in tow. The theme of the press conference was the tragic "fact" that young girls simply think they are no good.

It seems that girls, like it or not, spend their adolescent years floating on a dark sea of depression. "Helping Girls Become Strong Women" offers them a lifeboat, in the form of an opportunity to participate in the "Secret of Self-Esteem" essay contest or attend a self-esteem symposium.

One of the companies making all this happen is Secret antiperspirant, whose product is "strong enough for a man, but made for a woman." The other chief backer is Nike, which for years has hammered the girls-and-sports-theme, particularly in its "if you let me play" TV commercials. These showed young girls looking longingly into the camera and saying, "If you let me play sports, I will like myself more," and, "If you let me play, I'll suffer less depression."

To find out just how bad girls feel about themselves, Secret commissioned *Seventeen* magazine to run a self-esteem survey on the Internet. About half the respondents said they felt depressed (though most of them only "once a week"), and half of these cited their appearance as the reason. A full 54 percent felt their weight was wrong. Of course, surveys of volunteer respondents (known as "SLOPs" in radio broadcasting, for "self-selected-listener opinion polls") have no validity for social science.

That *Seventeen* readers have low self-esteem and poor body image is no surprise to a rival wing of the buck-up-our-girls movement: Agitators from the National Organization for Women were on hand with a fact sheet warning that *Seventeen* is part of the problem, not the solution. Feminists have long blamed advertisements and fashion magazines for young girls' desire to be even prettier than they are.

The phony statistics went unquestioned by the medical professionals on the panel, Dr. Ann Kearney-Cooke, director of the Cincinnati Psychotherapy Institute, and Dr. Marianne Legato, founder and director of the Partnership for Women's Health at Columbia University. Legato, who says low self-esteem is "virtually an epidemic among girls today," talked about her research into the question, "Is there a way that we can use the plasticity of the brain to build self-esteem?"

During the question-and-answer period, I asked *Seventeen*'s publisher whether girls who have religion in their lives enjoy higher self-esteem. The survey ignored religion, so I redirected the question to the doctors. Kearny-Cooke said she thought religion was a positive predictor of self-esteem, but she wasn't certain because this is "very new research." Legato, however, was dubious: "The images that organized religion pose for women are a very important consideration," she warned. "The notion that in the Catholic religion women can't become priests sends a dreadful message. I think [organized religion] is a reflection of societal structure—so the impact of spirituality, maybe, is what you're asking about."

New Age spirituality hadn't occurred to me as a self-respect booster, but then neither would I have picked Charisma Carpenter, doll-faced co-star of the teen TV fave *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, as a role model for teens. Carpenter, an adviser to the project, was turned out in Tammy Faye make-up and a skirt about two sizes too small. Her hair was perfectly coiffed and highlighted, though her sentences could have used some tidying.

Anchoring the celebrity contingent was one bona fide achiever, gold-medal track star Jackie Joyner-Kersee. She at least was able to talk about something real: her own experiences training with coaches who could inspire or deflate her with a word. Taller than anyone else in the room, the Olympic champion cut a majestic figure, yet she seemed someone to whom girls like my players could actually relate.

Later, I told my team that I had been to a meeting about girls and self-esteem. Some of them confessed to serious self-doubt, about their school work or looks. But one high-spirited freshman asked, "Did you tell them that your field-hockey team has it covered?" From what I've observed, she spoke for the group. They're coming along fine—without an essay contest.

Pia Nordlinger

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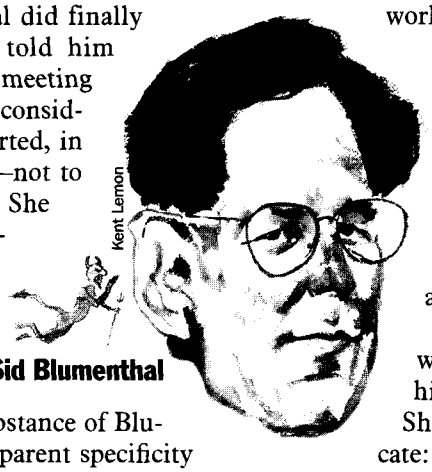
the weekly Standard

PERJURY'S VICTIMS

At his first grand-jury appearance in February, White House aide Sidney Blumenthal invoked executive privilege to avoid recounting what he claimed was his one and only conversation with President Clinton about Monica Lewinsky. At his second grand-jury appearance, June 4, the frivolous privilege claim having recently been abandoned by the president's lawyers, Blumenthal did finally describe what the president had told him about Lewinsky during a half-hour meeting January 21. Blumenthal reported, in considerable detail, that Clinton had reported, in considerable detail, that Lewinsky—not to put too fine a point on it—was a nut. She had demanded sex from the president. The president had rebuffed her. Angry, she had then threatened to embarrass Clinton with disclosures of their nonexistent "affair."


Kent Lemon

Sid Blumenthal

Much was peculiar about the substance of Blumenthal's June 4 testimony. The apparent specificity with which the president had related this spooky private confrontation with the young lady, for example. How, on January 21, could Clinton have so vividly remembered such an encounter when, just four days earlier, on penalty of perjury during a deposition before U.S. district judge Susan Webber Wright, the president had been unable distinctly to remember a single instance in which he and Lewinsky were ever alone together?

So when Sid Blumenthal arrived for a third grand-jury session on June 25, associate independent counsel Karin Immergut announced that she intended to revisit his Lewinsky-as-stalker exchange with Clinton. But she did not say why—Immergut is nobody's fool—and she did not begin her line of questioning directly. Instead, she backed into it, playing with exquisite precision on a salient aspect of the Blumenthal personality: He is a shameless braggart like you almost can't imagine.

How well do you know Bill Clinton? Immergut asked Blumenthal. Oh, I am now one of the president's senior-most advisers, Sid replied. And before that, I knew him from my work as "a journalist for 30 years." And I first met the president when I worked at the *Washington Post*; "some of you may or may not remember my bylines." And after I worked at the *Post*, I had a series of distinguished magazine jobs. And "I've written a number of books, three of which"—here it comes—"were *New York Times* Notable Books of the Year." And "I've been a playwright, screen writer." And I go to the Renaissance Weekend important-people's events. And, and, and . . .

Blumenthal was still getting warmed up when Immergut gently cut him off, "just for the purpose of time." She had already established her predicate: that Sidney Blumenthal had known the president of the United States for "10 years" and remained "very friendly" with him. And she was now prepared to ask her *real* question. Okay, then, Mr. Blumenthal, you are intimately familiar with Bill Clinton. "How good do you think his memory is?"

Blumenthal may be shameless, but he isn't stupid; he seems to have recognized this trap for what it was. So first he stalled a bit. "His memory? How good do I think his memory is?" *Yeah, Sid, his memory*. And then Blumenthal left the room. "I'm going to consult my counsel on that, okay?"

Seventeen minutes later, after doping out a strategy with his lawyer in the hallway, Blumenthal reentered the room, was reminded of his oath as a witness, and told the grand jury that the president's memory really wasn't very reliable at all, "like a lot of us who are around the age of 50." Why, just that past week, Sid offered as a for instance, Clinton had been having

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trouble with a crossword puzzle and had called him on the phone—*the president on line one*—for help with the name of Porky Pig's wife. If the president is unable at any given moment to call up the identity of an animated sow, in other words, it should be no surprise that he cannot, from one day to the next, remember having been blackmailed by a psychotic office intern. Or, for that matter, remember what that intern actually did do to him. Which carnal activity, during the period of Blumenthal's testimony, the president and his aides were still denying had ever happened.

Yes, we know: Such breathtaking Clintonite mendacity about Monica Lewinsky has long since become "old news." So they all lied, the smart folks say; what about it? So that lie in Bill Clinton's mouth was a flat-out felony; what about even *that*? It was a purely victimless crime, we are assured—because it only concerned purely consensual sex.

Except that it was not a victimless crime at all, and it certainly concerned more than consensual sex.

There is, first of all, the small matter of Paula Corbin Jones. True, she is a poorly educated woman with big hair, bad teeth, and a surgically altered nose. But in America you do not lose your rights for such stuff. And Paula Jones had a right, approved by a federal court, to pursue a civil damage claim against Bill Clinton for what he did to her one day in May 1991 at Little Rock's Excelsior Hotel. It was a right the president and his lieutenants spent most of 1997 successfully stealing from her.

When, in the spring of last year, the Supreme Court decided that the Jones litigation could proceed apace, presidential attorney Robert Bennett immediately attempted to intimidate the plaintiff into dropping her suit. He procured statements from at least two men who claimed to have had sex with Jones—*She's no angel, get it?*—and made at least one of those men available to reporters. Bennett and his private detectives continued to engage in such thuggery for months on end, long after they had publicly promised not to.

But character assassination failed to bring Jones to heel, so the president's men next fought a furious battle to impede her search for evidence. In particular, they sought to prevent or delay Jones's attorneys from securing sworn responses by Clinton to "pattern of behavior" questions about his extramarital liaisons. And when this tactic, too, proved unavailing, Clinton and his lawyers simply answered Jones's questions with falsehoods: false replies to formal "interrogatories"; false affidavits, including one from Monica Lewinsky; and, finally, false deposition testimony—outright perjury—from the president himself.

It is a basic principle of legal evidence that a court may take one party's falsehood or other fraud during litigation as a dispositive indication that the miscreant's entire argument lacks truth and merit. Had Paula Jones been granted an opportunity, over the ordinary course of her lawsuit, to prove that the president's Lewinsky testimony was a lie, that fact alone might have been enough to secure her victory. But she did not get such an opportunity. Judge Wright excluded the Lewinsky matter from consideration—for fear of interfering with the Starr investigation. And Judge Wright subsequently dismissed the Jones case as a whole.

Paula Jones, then, was clearly a victim of the president's perjuries. And the rest of us have been victimized, too.

The authority of our federal courts unilaterally to reverse their own judgments in any case later demonstrated to have been infected by fraud is derived from a 1944 Supreme Court case, *Hazel-Atlas* v. *Hartford*. It was a piece of patent-law litigation, but it had uncanny parallels to today's Jones/Lewinsky controversy. After *Hazel-Atlas* was resolved in the district court, a perjury by one witness for the winning party was revealed. The perjury involved a matter "peripheral" to the case's underlying claim, and the losing party's lawyers had failed at the district level to elicit the truth of that matter—by asking the perjurer "imprecise questions," much as Bill Clinton's defenders now suggest that Paula Jones's attorneys "blew it" during the president's January 17 deposition.

But writing for the *Hazel-Atlas* majority, Justice Hugo Black was unimpressed by such arguments. "Tampering with the administration of justice in the manner indisputably shown here involves far more than an injury to a single litigant," Black insisted.

> It is a wrong against the institutions set up to protect and safeguard the public, institutions in which fraud cannot complacently be tolerated consistently with the good order of society. Surely it cannot be that preservation of the integrity of the judicial process must always wait upon the diligence of litigants. The public welfare demands that the agencies of public justice be not so impotent that they must always be mute and helpless victims of deception and fraud.

Paula Jones's rights may yet be vindicated by Judge Susan Webber Wright, should the Eighth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals reinstate her case. The nation's rights more generally—our right not to have a president who personally assaults the rule of law—can only be vindicated by Congress, through Bill Clinton's impeachment, conviction, and removal from office.

—David Tell, for the Editors

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On the Fritz

by Tucker Carlson

Columbia, S.C.

TOWARD THE END OF THEIR most recent televised debate, Democrat Ernest "Fritz" Hollings and Republican Bob Inglis, both of whom are running for Hollings's South Carolina Senate seat, were given several minutes to ask each other questions. Hollings, who at 76 is the state's junior senator, went first. "I'd like to know what he has done for the fourth congressional district," he said, turning to Inglis, who represents the Greenville area in the House. "What have you done for six years for this particular district other than whine and complain and holler 'pork'?"

An ordinary politician would have risen to the bait, rattled off a list of bridge and highway projects, and moved on. Inglis didn't mention a single federal grant he has secured for his constituents, or for anyone else. Instead, he boasted of Republican efforts to balance the budget and enact welfare reform.

The incumbent snorted derisively. After mocking Inglis and his "principles," Hollings launched into an accounting of the federal money he has brought to South Carolina over almost 50 years in office: hospitals he has built, roads he has widened, cops he has hired, legislation he once sponsored to help a local grocery-store chain. At one point, Hollings even bragged about a garbage dump he had built in Greenville in the 1960s. "All the pork is within budget," he said proudly. "Once that budget is passed, you'll find old Hollings getting his share."

At times, the bickering came off as petty. "Mostly they argued, and then argued some more," sniffed the Charleston *Post and Courier* in its coverage the next day. But the debate was more substantive than most taking place this season. In contrast to the average Senate race, in which look-alike candidates try to find ways to differentiate themselves, this year's battle for the Senate in South Carolina is being waged between men who actually disagree on the role of government. Inglis, a prim thirtyish father of five from upstate South Carolina, is an ideological conservative who seems genuinely committed to reducing federal power. Hollings is a profane old-school Democrat from Charleston, short on philosophy of government and long on pork.

Very long. Between February and August of this year, Hollings issued no fewer than 155 press releases, most touting his pork-gathering abilities. On July 22, for example, Hollings sent out releases notifying the public of his $135,000 anti-crime grant for Charleston, his support for IRS reform, and his efforts to "save Social Security from a free-spending Congress." The following day, his office issued seven more statements to the press, announcing, among other things, a $210 million grant to schools, $24 million in additional anti-crime programs, $30 million for Charleston-area "coastal projects," and millions more in "disaster relief" for the state from two different federal agencies. The next day's releases boasted of another $10 million in various federal grants, a press conference to attack Republicans on Social Security, and Hollings's nomination of a South Carolina state senator to be secretary of the Air Force.

Ernest Hollings

The Inglis campaign is hoping to convince voters that there is something unseemly—or at least dated—about Hollings's style of politics. "Bob is about bigger issues," explains Jeff Fedorchak, the Republican's chief consultant. "South Carolinians don't benefit any more from a grant here, a demonstration project there." Not that all South Carolinians have come to recognize this. "As Republican as South Carolina has become," Fedorchak admits, "the place is just dripping with tradition." In other words, voters are still greedy for federal money, and, as Hollings himself predicted, it's going to take more than hollering "pork" to win the race. Inglis has chosen to play the courtesy card.

Hollings is legendary in South Carolina for his almost Tourette's-like inability to control the nasty comments that flow from his mouth. During a Senate debate over school prayer in the early 1980s, Hollings—whose description of Sen. Lloyd Bentsen as "the senator from Texaco" was already notorious—

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called Howard Metzenbaum of Ohio "the senator from B'nai B'rith." (Howard Baker later had the comments removed from the record, but reporters had heard them, and Hollings was forced to apologize. "I was talking intentionally, in the spirit of levity that we had on the floor at the time," he explained.) In March 1989, Hollings infuriated fellow senators during the John Tower hearings by quoting from a confidential FBI report that described Tower's alleged drinking problem. Over the loud objections of his colleagues, Hollings repeatedly referred to Tower as "Mr. Alcoholic Abuser." ("Put in Mr. Alcoholic Abuser as Secretary of Defense? Man, what you talkin' about in this body?")

Outbursts like these have worried Hollings's friends for years, and his campaign staff does its best to keep the senator away from chance encounters with reporters. "He has a wicked sense of humor, brutal," says Bud Ferillo, a prominent Democratic consultant who has been active in South Carolina politics since the mid-1960s. "It used to have enormous upsetting implications in the state." Like the time Hollings explained to a Columbia television crew how foreign imports were taking minimum-wage jobs away from South Carolina's "darkies." Or the 1993 newspaper interview in which Hollings veered from a discussion of GATT into observations about international travel: "Everybody likes to go to Geneva. I used to do it for the Law of the Sea conferences and you'd find these potentates from down in Africa, you know, rather than eating each other, they'd just come up and get a good square meal in Geneva."

In each case, the state's black leaders expressed the requisite outrage. "This man is mentally sick," observed the head of the South Carolina NAACP after Hollings's cannibalism interview. "He has to have something wrong in his head to keep making these kinds of comments." On the other hand, nothing Hollings has said so far seems to have damaged his support among minority groups. About half of South Carolina's Democratic voters are black. Hollings is expected to get at least 90 percent of their votes this fall.

Republicans probably can't do anything about Hollings's black support, but they can try to convince the rest of the state's voters that Hollings is unbalanced. To that end, the party has produced an ad that contains footage of Hollings addressing his supporters on what he thought at the time would be his last election night, in 1992: "I don't have to get elected to a bloomin' thing," Hollings yelled to the crowd. "And I don't have to do things that are politically correct. The hell with everybody. I'm free at last."

Confident that he could never abide by it, Inglis has pushed Hollings to sign a "Contract for a Courteous Campaign," a written promise not to engage in negative campaigning. (Among its gimmicks, the contract would require each candidate to give the other rebuttal time at his press conferences.) The very idea of such a contract sent Hollings into a fury. Inglis, he told reporters, was "an oozing and goozing" "little choirboy." "Everybody's rude and he wants to be nice. He's a goddamned skunk" who, Hollings said, can "kiss my fanny." Hollings had hardly cooled by the time of the Greenville debate, denouncing "all this ying-yow about courtesy" as "nonsense" and "trickery." "I've been elected six times," he said. "I've gotten along with all my candidates before and didn't have to get a contract."

It was a bit of an overstatement. In fact, Hollings has never been much of a gentleman campaigner. As recently as his last Senate campaign, in the fall of 1992, Hollings told a newspaper interviewer that Strom Thurmond wouldn't leave the Senate while still breathing. Without his job in Washington, Hollings explained, Thurmond wouldn't "have a home, a hometown, and would quickly discover he doesn't have any real friends." Already, Hollings pointed out, his wife "Nancy left him."

Senile or not, Thurmond is still a hero in South Carolina, and Hollings's opponent that year, former Republican congressman Tommy Hartnett, tried to use Hollings's words against him. "I believe you owe Senator Thurmond an apology," Hartnett said during a debate. "And I'm asking you to apologize." Hollings didn't even consider it. "You're full of prunes," he said.

There is an ongoing debate in South Carolina over whether Hollings's personality helps or hurts him. In a southern state, the senator's criticism of Clinton—"Wag the Dog?" Hollings said recently, "Wagging the dog is what got him into trouble"—probably helps. Hollings's televised growling probably doesn't.

Either way, it's not clear that Hollings could stop being nasty even if he wanted to. Following the debate last week, a reporter from *Roll Call* approached the incumbent for comment. After all the talk of courtesy, the reporter wanted to know, does Hollings like Inglis personally, as a man? "Not at all," replied Hollings, totally unrepentant. "I can tell you that right here and now."

Tucker Carlson is a staff writer for THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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Betting Against Beasley

by Bob Jones

Six months ago, Jim Hodges had no name recognition, no issues, and no money—not the best way to start a campaign against a popular governor. What he did have was a potential backer named Fred Collins, owner of many of the 30,000 video-poker machines that dot gas stations and convenience stores across South Carolina. With little to lose, Hodges bet his entire gubernatorial bid on the gambling issue, defying prohibitive odds in one of the most religious and conservative states in the country.

Judging from poll results, the bet paid off. David Beasley, the telegenic young governor with strong ties to the religious Right, was considered unbeatable in June, when he had a 21-point lead over his unknown challenger. But that was before Hodges, backed by donations from Collins and other gambling promoters, took to the airwaves with ads touting a state lottery earmarked for education.

"Here in Georgia, we appreciate you South Carolinians buying our lottery tickets, over $100 million worth," says a redneck convenience-store clerk in one of the ads. Sporting a Georgia Bulldogs T-shirt, the clerk tells South Carolinians, "Those Georgia lottery tickets y'all buy pretty much pay for our world-class preschools. Thank goodness your Gov. David Beasley won't let y'all have a lottery. As you might expect, here in Georgia, we luuuv David Beasley."

David Beasley

In a state where fourth graders rank 47th in math and 46th in reading, the charge of under-funding public schools gained almost immediate traction, and Beasley's numbers dropped like a Plinko ball. In August his margin had shrunk from 21 to 15 points, and by early October he led by only single digits. Last week, internal polls for both campaigns were showing the race in a statistical dead heat.

With no end to the free-fall in sight, Beasley dropped his opposition to a statewide referendum on the lottery and tried instead to focus on the source of his challenger's cash. Charges that gambling advocates were pumping up to $2 million *a week* into the race drew gasps in the press and indignant denials from Democrats. Though Hodges said he could not provide a more accurate number, no one doubts that the figure is huge: In addition to TV, gambling interests are funding radio ads, billboards, bumper stickers, and direct mail. Voters in search of milk or eggs can't run into a convenience store without being handed a flier defending video gambling. "When you add it all up, the numbers are unbelievable," Beasley says. "They're going to try to buy this election."

That may not be their only major purchase of the political season. During his tenure in the state House, Hodges was known as one of the most outspoken opponents of both video poker and the lottery. "When he started his campaign, he was broke, so he sold out to the organized-gambling crowd," according to the governor. "They literally bought themselves a candidate."

South Carolina is hardly the only place where gambling interests are pouring big money into politics. California's Prop. 5, which would allow expanded gambling on Indian reservations, is on track to become the most expensive initiative in state history, with the two sides expected to spend more than $60 million. Though GOP gubernatorial nominee Dan Lungren opposed the measure, his party refused to follow suit after assemblyman Brett Granlund circulated a memo pointing out that 62 Republican candidates had received donations from Indian tribes. "I am sure you will agree that California Indian tribes have demonstrated a significant commitment to our party, its candidates and our ideals," the memo concluded after listing the beneficiaries of the Indians' largesse.

In Missouri, meanwhile, casino operators are mobilizing to pass a ballot initiative that would protect riverboat casinos that never actually ply the rivers. More than half the state's casinos are "boats in moats," which the state supreme court has said violate the terms of the initiative that legalized gambling in the first place. Casino companies want Missouri voters to give their blessing to these landlocked boats, and they're mounting a TV-and-billboard blitz to that end. Riverboats across the state were turned into voter-registration sites, and a single company, with boats in both St. Louis and Kansas City, boasted that it had

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signed up 10,000 new voters by Labor Day. As the election approaches, 18,000 riverboat employees will canvass their neighborhoods to ensure that pro-gambling voters go to the polls.

But such efforts are largely expected from an industry that has long shown its willingness to spend heavily to pass favorable initiatives. The situation in South Carolina is different in that voters aren't being asked directly about the lottery, video poker, or anything else related to gambling. Instead, gambling interests are opening their pocketbooks to defeat a politician who has stood in their way.

Despite polls showing that roughly two-thirds of South Carolinians favor a lottery like Georgia's, Beasley has managed to keep the question off the ballot for four years. He sees the lottery as a first step in conditioning voters to endorse an ever-wider array of gambling options. "They want to turn South Carolina into Atlantic City south," he complains. "They're using the lottery as a smoke screen. They're talking about education, but all they're interested in is profits."

Indeed, Beasley says the reason for his recent flip-flop on the lottery referendum was to get the focus back where it belonged—on the for-profit gambling enterprises of Fred Collins and other operators. Video-poker machines in South Carolina take in more than $2 billion annually, with as much as $600 million going into owners' pockets. A Beasley-sponsored initiative to ban the industry passed the state House of Representatives last year, but Republicans in the Senate failed to overcome a Democratic filibuster. The governor's efforts won him the eternal gratitude of the religious Right and the undying antipathy of the gambling czars.

For those in the middle, emotions are more complex. As proceeds are channeled into "worthy causes" such as education, gambling is losing its punch as a moral issue. In Georgia, a poll last spring showed that 75 percent of voters—including almost two-thirds of self-identified weekly churchgoers—approved of their state's lottery, which has provided some $580 million in college scholarships over the past five years.

More significantly, Democrats are finding the lottery question to be a convenient wedge for splitting the GOP's religious and economic factions. By framing the issue in terms of government spending, lottery promoters can make their cause look downright reactionary. Admitting that South Carolinians are "a conservative bunch," Hodges is calling the lottery "a voluntary tax that you only pay if you play." That message resonates with pro-business voters who worry that poor education will make their state less competitive, yet don't want to pay higher taxes to improve the public schools.

In Alabama, another state with low test scores and high church attendance, the lottery issue is having a similar effect. Gov. Fob James, a darling of the religious Right, is trailing lottery-loving lieutenant governor Don Siegelman by up to 13 points in recent polls. Siegelman has all but turned the election into a referendum on the lottery, much the way Zell Miller did in capturing the Georgia governor's chair in 1990. But in Alabama, which currently has no casinos or video-poker machines, the lottery issue seems to be standing on its own, without cash infusions from the gambling industry. A spokesperson for Gov. James said Siegelman's support of the lottery had not won him large donations from out-of-state gambling interests.

Not so in South Carolina, where David Beasley estimates that about half the money propping up his challenger comes from gambling promoters outside the state. Nor have they stopped with the gambling issue per se. Collins and his allies are bankrolling the state's Democratic party, whose chairman, Dick Harpootlian, is a lawyer representing the gambling industry. Harpootlian was allegedly behind the recent resurrection of two-year-old allegations of an affair between Beasley and a press secretary—charges that the governor, his wife, and the former employee all flatly deny. Press investigations at the time failed to turn up evidence of the alleged affair, and Beasley has called on Hodges to demand Harpootlian's resignation.

Even the extreme right wing of the governor's own party has benefited from pro-gambling donations. A group called the Palmetto League has taken to the airwaves with ads criticizing Beasley's 1996 attempt to remove the Confederate flag from atop the statehouse. Though Jerry Creech, the league's president, says he opposes video poker, he took the gambling donations to remind Republicans of their electoral base and to help communicate the group's message that the Confederate flag "stands for our way of living."

With attacks coming from all sides, political analysts speculate that the Democrats may have overplayed their hand. South Carolina voters are beginning to express concern that the normally genteel political process has turned so nasty. Under growing fear of a backlash, Hodges belatedly called on Collins and other gambling operators to halt their independent expenditures on his behalf.

Still, state politicians across the country worry that Hodges's out-of-the-blue campaign may embolden the gambling industry to export its successful tactics. As chairman of the Republican Governors Association, Beasley says he has heard from colleagues keeping a wary eye on his race. "Of course they're alarmed" by the gambling industry's new high-stakes strategy, he says. "No one's ever seen anything like it before."

Bob Jones is the national editor of WORLD *magazine.*

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THE ENEMY OF MY ENEMY . . .

by Jay Nordlinger

IT WAS HARD NOT TO NOTICE. All summer long, a band of liberal opinion-makers gave Bill Clinton hell. They called him a liar, a felon, and a disgrace to the Democratic party. Their barbs, coming from the left, had a special sting. And they asked, conservative-style, Where's the outrage?

Then a curious thing happened: Kenneth Starr submitted his report to Congress. It looked as though the Republican majority might actually impeach Clinton. And these liberals drew back. They decided that, no matter what Clinton had done, Starr, Newt Gingrich, and conservatism generally could not be handed a victory. Nothing was worth that.

This sentiment was expressed most explicitly by William Raspberry, columnist for the *Washington Post*. Sure, he wrote, Clinton had behaved abominably, and "I make no brief for him." But—and this is the mammoth "but" of all such liberals—"I look at Kenneth Starr . . . and I say: No way do I want this man to win."

Neither, obviously, does Maureen Dowd, starlet of the *New York Times* op-ed page. For most of 1998, she skewered Clinton as zestfully as any journalist in the country. As late as September 16—after the release of the president's grand-jury video—she was asserting that Clinton, with his manipulation of language, had made Washington "Orwellian."

Kevin Chadwick

Maureen Dowd

Four days later, though, it was another official who was making the capital Orwellian: Ken Starr. "The avenging, evangelical prosecutor," Dowd wrote, "never seems to give a thought to how his relentless chase" rends the nation. Starr was determined "not only to overthrow the president, but to overthrow the '60s, and restore the black-and-white moral code" that had vanished with the tail fin.

Starr, she claimed, "is pressing the ominous Orwellian concept of sex crimes against the government." She then quoted *Nineteen Eighty-four*, in the manner of Clinton apologists everywhere: "The Party was trying to kill the sex instinct, or if it could not be killed, then to distort it and dirty it." Never before had Dowd given any indication that she regarded Starr's aim as the killing of the sex drive.

But she was only warming up. On September 23, Dowd published one of the strangest columns yet to appear about the scandal. She painted Starr as a sex-crazed maniac, "the helpless victim of his cravings for ecstasy." Starr, in Dowd's fantasy, "couldn't stop thinking about [Monica Lewinsky's] thong underwear," which "inflamed his imagination," "quickened his pulse," and "made him catch his breath." So too, he kept seeing Lewinsky in "that blue Gap dress": It was "too tight, and he was glad." The great question was, "Would the presidency survive his lust?"

Dowd seems to have turned on a dime, as though her mind had been annexed by James Carville. For months, Clinton was a blight on the presidency. Then, overnight, he was "just a sad philanderer." Dowd attempted to explain herself in a mid-October column, arguing that she was not "being inconsistent"—rather, she was "trying to make distinctions in a complicated case."

Even if Clinton's actions were "reprehensible," she wrote, he "doesn't deserve to die for it" (death taking the form of impeachment). Republicans have "lost all sense of proportion" and should be denied "the sadistic pleasure" of holding hearings. Clinton has already been embarrassed, and "you can't punish someone twice." Because—and here again comes the darkness-at-noon theme—"this is still America. I think."

Dowd's *Times*-mate Bob Herbert also flinched at the specter of a post-Clinton world, one controlled not by a Gore administration but by a newly cocky Newt. He put his dilemma neatly on September 24: "On the one hand, you have a president who is so reckless and untrustworthy he is not fit to hold the office." But on the other, "you have a Republican party dominated by a snarling, vicious pack of right-wingers that is willing to do almost anything to seize complete control of the government."

Yes, wrote Herbert, "the country would be better

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off if Clinton were not president," but "voters, quite rightly, don't want the likes of Kenneth Starr and Newt Gingrich" to settle the question. There is "no one to honestly root for," he complained. Clinton is a disaster, but Starr is "a nightmare out of Kafka" (leaving Orwell aside for a moment). An "essential mean-spiritedness" infects the GOP "like a virus," and the case against Clinton "should not be made by a partisan mob."

A few weeks later, Herbert was even more alarmed, having watched Gingrich preside "over the possible impeachment of a Democratic president," a scene both "chilling" and "insane." "Try to imagine the implications of a bigger, more powerful, more aggressive, more right-wing regime of Republicans," he wrote. They would ban abortion, allow diseased meat to be sold, deprive the elderly of their substance, and pollute the land. The Lewinsky affair "conceals" the Republicans' "real agenda," Herbert charged—the "subversion of the interests of ordinary working Americans and the poor." Clinton, foolishly, had "given the right-wingers the opportunity to finish their business," and they, not the president, must be stopped.

In an interview last week, Herbert stated that his view is "a pox on all their houses." Yet he leaves no doubt as to which house he wishes to afflict the most.

William Raspberry, like the other liberals in this group, is fully persuaded of Clinton's guilt. But "impeachment is where people sort of choke," he told me. It is Starr's prosecutorial zeal that "I don't want to prevail." Would his opinion be different if he opposed Clinton politically? "I've asked myself that question a number of times," Raspberry answers, "and if it were Newt Gingrich in this same set of circumstances, I'd like to believe . . . Well, put it this way: I'd be very disappointed in myself if I didn't object in print in the same way."

No one—not even Carville—has been more vitriolic about Starr than another *Post* columnist, Richard Cohen. To Cohen, Starr is "Keyhole Ken," a "menace to us all," a man who "in a different era" would have made "a splendid petit fascist." Clinton may be to blame, but he is also the victim of an "Orwellian intrusion," and though "only one of us is president," we all "have bedrooms." Our president's conduct need not be angelic: "Hitler was monogamous" (really?), and "he didn't smoke, either."

Above all, Cohen, like his brethren, loathes Linda Tripp—"the odious Linda Tripp," he has called her, "a suburban Judas." Cohen ended one October column by acknowledging that he had something in common with Lewinsky: "I hate Linda Tripp, too."

So, apparently, does still another *Post* writer, Mary McGrory, who in one column spoke of Tripp's "Serbian-strength malevolence"—this when reports of Nazi-like atrocities were coming in from Kosovo—and in another described Tripp as "malice personified." McGrory has been harshly critical of Clinton, but, like the others, she feels torn: With the release of the Starr documents, "the country slipped back to its original dilemma about the two compulsives—both obsessed by sex—who dominate our political life." After all, "two wrongs don't make a right."

Perhaps the most storm-tossed pundit of them all is Lars-Erik Nelson, columnist for the New York *Daily News*. He has always despised Starr and his investigation. Yet after Clinton's semi-admissions in August, Nelson turned furiously against the president, declaring that "the lie to the American public" was "reason enough to hound him from office." Nor did he hold that Clinton's dalliance with Lewinsky was merely a private indiscretion: "Exploiting her sexually was an abuse of power, a violation of trust, a betrayal of office."

Lately, however, Nelson has returned to his natural home: the excoriation of Starr and the conservatives who back him. He put it succinctly in his October 12 column: While "Clinton's offenses are despicable," Starr's "are a threat to fundamental liberties." Nelson expounds at greater length in the November 5 *New York Review of Books*, where he asks, "Which is more outrageous to us—Clinton's illicit relationship with a 21-year-old intern or Starr's use of the law to hound an elected president from office?" Republicans, for their part, "have raised the prospect of bringing down a president on a technicality," which is "as close as America has come to a *Putsch*" since the 1860s.

The shift from Clinton-scorning to full-time Starr-hating was jarring for some, seamless for others, and probably predictable for all. Richard Cohen, on reflection, says that he considers the impeachment drama "a domestic version of the Iran-Iraq war: I find it hard to choose a side." Even so, "I do feel strongly that, sooner or later, you have to ask yourself, 'Which side are you on?' And I'm not on Ken Starr's side, so I guess that puts me on Bill Clinton's side," given Starr's "scary zealousness."

There are legal objections to the independent-counsel investigation, certainly. But there is also something broader, something cultural, something almost spiritual. For a certain strain of liberal—not prone to make excuses for Clinton's many misdeeds—there is a fate worse than a lawbreaking president: the idea that, sometime, somewhere, Jerry Falwell may be smiling.

Jay Nordlinger is associate editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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FREE PINOCHET?

by Elliott Abrams

IN THE COURSE OF THE SAME WEEK, Spanish authorities ordered the arrest of the former Chilean dictator Augusto Pinochet, in London for medical treatment, and welcomed the Cuban dictator Fidel Castro with all diplomatic honors. While bobbies kept Pinochet under detention in his hospital room on a Spanish arrest warrant, Spain's prime minister, José Maria Aznar, and King Juan Carlos dined with Castro. Something is wrong with this picture.

Of course, Castro is a head of state and enjoys diplomatic immunity, while Pinochet is merely a Chilean senator apparently without such immunity. But that is where the discussion begins, not where it ends. Surely there is something amiss when morality is said to require one dictator's arrest, while another who rules far more brutally is treated as a distinguished guest.

Pinochet's status under international law will soon be settled, but the rights and wrongs of his detention for crimes committed when he ruled Chile are important for reasons extending far beyond his own case. Pinochet's extradition to Spain for trial would set a precedent that makes transitions to democracy harder everywhere. The problem does not lie in what Pinochet did to seize power or while in power, but in how and why he was persuaded to give up his dictatorship.

Kevin Chadwick

Pinochet seized power in a military coup, and ruled Chile with a heavy hand. It is probably worth noting that when in 1973 the Chilean army overthrew President Salvador Allende, it did so with very widespread public support; and throughout his years in power, Pinochet had a significant following among Chileans. But it must also be recorded that getting him to give up power required a very forceful push from the United States, which rejected the argument that he stood as a critical barrier to communism in Chile. By the mid-1980s, he was simply a barrier to democracy, and he was followed (as we believed he would be, though he argued it was impossible) by a series of sober and responsible elected Christian Democratic governments.

Besides U.S. pressure, the key to this successful transition was that Chile, like Argentina and Uruguay, reached a national accord about ending military rule. The military withdrew, when it did, in return for broad amnesties in all three cases. Democrats may not have loved the arrangement, but they believed democracy was more important than perfect justice, and they wished to turn their countries away from vengeance and toward the rebuilding of free institutions. Such champions of democracy as Argentina's Raúl Alfonsín and Uruguay's José Maria Sanguinetti urged approval of this trade-off. More generally, when dictators are on the verge of leaving power, some arrangement guaranteeing their personal security is usually critical. It was, for example, when the United States bargained successfully with Jean-Claude Duvalier about his departure from Haiti in 1986, and when we tried unsuccessfully to get Mañuel Noriega to relinquish power in Panama in 1988.

The Spanish arrest warrant for Pinochet throws such arrangements into doubt. Surely it will be harder the next time we seek to pressure and cajole a dictator to leave power, for he will wonder if it will be his fate to have police arrest him on a hospital bed some years down the road. What's more, the arrangements made among Chileans are being upset not after some great national debate in Chile, not after a plebiscite there that eliminates the amnesty and requires trials of military men, but because a Spanish judge decided it should be so. Is his view more important than that of the Chileans who lived through the Allende and Pinochet governments and made the return to democracy a success? Is it more legitimate? Should we not let Chileans make these decisions by democratic means?

Well, the rejoinder goes, would it not be legitimate to try Hitler or Pol Pot just about anywhere? Of course. But Pinochet was a military dictator; he had nothing to do with genocide or war crimes. And if it can be argued that some levels of human-rights abuses are just too important to be defeated by prudential arguments, such as those being used in the Pinochet case, we return to where we began: Why not try Castro? Or the former Soviet officials who presided over the massive human-rights abuses committed during the war in Afghanistan? Or for that matter Yasser Arafat, whose connections with terrorism are well

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documented? Pinochet's record, bloody as it was, is not in their league.

Transitions to democracy are immensely difficult to engineer and harder yet to sustain. The actions of one Spanish judge may make them even more difficult, and that is no contribution to the cause of human rights. The desire for vengeance against Pinochet is natural enough among those who suffered under his years in power—but it will be satisfied only at great cost.

Elliott Abrams, president of the Ethics and Public Policy Center, was assistant secretary of state for inter-American affairs and for human rights in the Reagan administration.

Mayor Barry Departs

by Edmund Walsh

The nation's capital under Mayor Marion Barry is the laughingstock of urban America, notorious for crime, corruption, mismanagement, dangerous schools, crumbling streets, teen pregnancy, and poverty. As D.C.-watching congressional staffer Trey Hardin says, the city's problems run "from trash collection to tax collection." Now Barry—once dubbed "Mayor for Life"—is stepping down, and Anthony Williams, the city's former chief financial officer, is favored to succeed him. Williams's Republican opponent is councilwoman Carol Schwartz, who gave Barry a run for his money in the election four years ago. Neither Williams nor Schwartz fully acknowledges (at least in public) the straits in which Washington finds itself. Williams insists the city has come "far and fast" since he was named CFO in 1995. Schwartz seeks votes by cultivating District pride.

Schwartz's prescription for government renewal? Lower taxes, more pay for teachers, and streamlined services. She speaks of a shining future, not present gloom. She understands that people have learned to expect little from the D.C. government, so she touts her 33 years in the city. "I committed my children to D.C. public schools," she proclaims—and her audiences instantly grasp the significance of that decision. "Home rule" faltered badly toward the end of Barry's reign, and Schwartz wants to revive it, wresting authority from the temporary "control board" that Congress established and the president approved. At the same time, Schwartz wants more federal subsidies for the city. This may make her a hypocrite, as independent candidate Brian Moore points out, but it's a position that most Washingtonians share.

Schwartz envisions a day in which Washington is "a major player in both the national and global monetary markets." She's confident that a joint bid with Baltimore has a shot at bringing the 2012 Olympics to the capital area. This is probably a pipe dream, but Schwartz uses it to stir D.C. pride. Her hometown fervor also fires her attacks on Williams, the Democratic nominee in a Democratic city. A bureaucrat who came to the District in 1993 to work for the U.S. Department of Agriculture, Williams didn't establish residence within its borders until he was named CFO. He combats the "carpetbagger" tag by asserting that he's "put my job on the line" by running for mayor.

Williams betrays supply-side leanings in his support for a Washington-only flat tax and a local exemption from the federal capital-gains tax. The conservative *Washington Times* gave him its endorsement. Williams also plays the home-rule card, claiming that his whiz-like fiscal management will restore local control two years earlier than expected. Maybe so. But Trey Hardin says the feds are not inclined to "hurry up" the process. Whatever the case, Williams's management style has clearly impressed many District voters. One activist praises him as "a systems man" who puts "first things first." And a young businessman believes that "quiet anger" over the Barry era could spur a revolution, led by an outsider mayor.

This feeling, though, is hardly universal. A young woman from the impoverished Anacostia district is supporting Schwartz precisely because of Schwartz's D.C. roots. The woman's husband, a lifelong Democrat, has decided not to vote at all, because Williams is "a tin soldier." And a D.C.-government employee who used to work for Williams says that she will support Schwartz on the basis of "trust," believing that Schwartz, having "invested her life" in the city, will be sensitive to residents' needs. Schwartz has indeed invested decades in the District. Now she's looking for a dividend. In her closing statement to a church group last week, she admonished and challenged the crowd: "Many of you passed me by [in previous campaigns], and your lives haven't gotten any better." True enough. But unless Washington elects a mayor who is able to overhaul the city completely, living in the nation's capital will remain a peculiar badge of honor.

Edmund Walsh is an intern at The Weekly Standard. *Former intern Timothy Troha did a study of D.C. politics, on which this piece drew.*

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California, Wave of the Past

The Nation's Political Trendsetter Turns Reactionary

By Fred Barnes

Riverside, Calif.

Gray Davis is no trendsetter. Candidates for statewide office in California—Earl Warren, Richard Nixon, Ronald Reagan—have often been the wave of the future. And if they weren't, then the subjects they raised, or the issues put on the state ballot in referendums, were. Issues like tax cuts and term limits and a ban on racial preferences. But national political trends are not being made in California this fall. Davis, the Democratic candidate for governor, is likable but totally conventional. He's a liberal turned centrist whose spiel about education and the environment and gun control leaves the impression he's a clever tactician, not a policy innovator on a mission. The small crowd that gathered to cheer him at a parking-lot rally in Riverside, 50 miles east of Los Angeles, didn't seem to care. It was made up of trial lawyers, union members, and elected Democratic officials—the only folks excited about Davis's candidacy. They've set their sights low. They relish an end to 16 years of Republican governors in California, nothing more. If that happens—and there's a good chance it will—they'll gain the simple spoils of politics as usual, jobs and influence.

THE ONLY POLITICAL EXPORT FROM CALIFORNIA TO HAVE ANY REAL IMPACT IN 1998 IS MONICA LEWINSKY. THE STATE IS NOT A HARBINGER.

Dan Lungren, the Republican candidate for governor, is a reliable conservative. But he concedes there's "no outstanding issue" in California in 1998. He wanted to focus his campaign on a cut in the car tax, an idea copied from Republican Jim Gilmore's winning bid for the Virginia governorship last year. But Gov. Pete Wilson pushed a 25 percent reduction through the California legislature this year, taking the issue off the table. That may have helped Wilson's expected presidential bid in 2000, but it was no favor to Lungren. Davis eagerly endorsed the cut. That left crime and schools as Lungren's issues. Crime, however, doesn't have the appeal it once did. The problem from a political standpoint is that conservative anti-crime proposals—the death penalty, three-strikes-and-you're-out, more prisons—have been enacted, and they work. Serious crime is down 35 percent in California. As for education, Davis is backing most of the conservative reform agenda except vouchers. He even criticizes teachers occasionally.

California, in short, is losing what Michael Barone has called its "harbinger status." The idea was that political changes, like lifestyle trends, happened first in California. Many did, notably Proposition 13, the 1978 ballot measure that slashed property taxes and spurred a national anti-tax movement. More recently, the effort to kill race and gender preferences in hiring, promotions, and college admissions has been exported to other states. It's on the ballot in Washington state this year. But California today is where political trends die. The popular notion that a well-heeled business leader could become an attractive, credible candidate went belly up when zillionaire Al Checchi was swamped by politician-for-life Davis in the Democratic primary for governor. And paycheck protection—the practice of forcing unions to get written permission before using a worker's dues for politics—was smothered as a national issue when it was defeated in a California referendum last June. This fall, the referendum that's gotten the most attention involves whether casino gambling should be allowed on Indian reservations, hardly a novelty. In truth, the only political export from California to have any real impact in 1998 is Monica Lewinsky.

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Actually, another export may be coming, a negative one. That's the lack of media coverage of politics and government. Once TV stations in Los Angeles and San Francisco kept bureaus in Sacramento, the state capital. Now all are gone. They skimp on televising debates. The final two (of four) debates between Lungren and Davis weren't shown on L.A. television, and the problem isn't just TV. A new study found that the *Los Angeles Times* has given the 1998 governor's race less than half the coverage it gave the 1994 contest between Wilson and Democrat Kathleen Brown. Lungren, outspent by Davis, is especially indignant about the inattention. To get covered, he says, "I might have my next press conference in a slow white Bronco going down the freeway." Democrats gripe, too. Bill Carrick, the premier Democratic consultant in California, says TV stations convene focus groups to find out what viewers want. As a result, "they're more interested in doing lifestyle or entertainment or weather or whatever." Anything but politics.

I got a taste of California's media priorities last week after covering the Riverside rally and later interviewing Lungren. TV reporters swarmed around Davis after his speech, pressing him about why he'd backed out of a fifth debate with Lungren. Davis said he'd spent enough time with Lungren. "I've enjoyed the special moments with Dan," he said sarcastically. He didn't mention the reporters' stations probably wouldn't carry the debate anyway. Later, after listening to Lungren's press bashing, I watched the 10 o'clock news in L.A. All the stations were broadcasting a car chase live from cameras in their traffic helicopters. It went on and on and on, a dozen police cruisers following a single car thief who finally gave up peacefully. Lungren has a point.

Kent Leman

Dan Lungren

Except in one respect, the other major race is as prosaic as the campaign for governor. It's between Democratic senator Barbara Boxer and Republican Matt Fong, and the difference, of course, is Boxer, one of the Senate's most unswerving liberals. Davis is calm, Lungren passionate, Fong cautious—but Boxer is obstreperous and grating. To her, anyone to the right of President Clinton is an "extremist," so Fong qualifies. She calls him "the gun lobby's favorite candidate," despite his support for the 1994 federal ban on assault weapons. Boxer told a labor gathering: "Five more [Republican] votes in the Senate, and there will be no more rights for working people." She also gives Clinton credit for having lifted the country out of "the worst recession since the Great Depression." In fact, the mild recession that began in 1990 ended long before Clinton took office, inheriting a robust economy.

Boxer herself—her personality, her liberalism, and what's known here as the "hypocrisy question"—is the issue. Clinton may not be harmful to all Democratic candidates, but he's hurt Boxer. Why, she was asked repeatedly in her two TV debates with Fong, had she insisted on running Republican Bob Packwood out of the Senate for groping women but been so reluctant to criticize Clinton? Normally she responds by saying Clinton was "wrong." But in the October 12 debate she became so rattled, she merely insisted "it is time to move on . . . to the issues that the people care about." Fong shot back, "Barbara Boxer, your silence for seven months [on Clinton's relations with Lewinsky] was certainly deafening, but your hypocrisy is ear-splitting." Polls show Boxer is loathed by a majority of male voters in California.

Yet she has a solid chance of winning reelection. A *Los Angeles Times* poll in mid-October found she'd jumped to a 5-point lead among likely voters. This suggests Fong is a less than perfect fit with California's libertarian leanings. He calls himself a supply-sider and favors a flat tax, and he supports gay rights, wants to keep first-trimester abortions legal, and never raises social issues in his stump speech. But Fong's real passion—he's an Air Force Academy graduate—is national security, not a cutting-edge issue in 1998. Nor is he a forceful speaker. His campaign is basically passive, relying on antipathy to Boxer to motivate his voters. And after exhausting his funds in defeating wealthy businessman Darrell Issa in the GOP primary, he's being outspent now by Boxer. Fong will rearrange the Republican electorate slightly by picking up normally Democratic Asian-American votes. Still, Garry South, Gray Davis's campaign manager, says if Lungren were running for the Senate, he'd beat Boxer easily.

But Lungren isn't running for the Senate, and defeating Davis is something else again. What Davis

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lacks in charisma, he makes up for in discipline. He has methodically altered a liberal image created by his tenure as chief of staff to Democratic governor Jerry Brown in the 1970s. Once an opponent of the death penalty, he's now for it. Once a quiet backer of three-strikes, which mandates a long prison term for third-time felons, he's now an enthusiast. Davis has managed at times to outflank Lungren to the right on crime. He says judges should have the discretion to lower the minimum age for capital punishment to 14. And in a debate with Lungren, Davis blurted, "Singapore is a good starting point in terms of law and order." Hard to top that.

For a Democrat, Davis plays an unusual card: his Vietnam record. In almost every speech, he cites Vietnam, where he served as an Army Signal Corps officer. "I'm really proud of it," he told me. Unlike World War II, when serving was "clear-cut," Vietnam service was a tough decision, he says. "I'm proud of everyone who answered the call." One reason he mentions Vietnam is Lungren, who received a medical deferment in 1968. "We don't talk about the fact he didn't serve," says South, grinning. "It's more valuable for a Democrat to be a decorated war veteran than for a Republican. It's against type." And it helps Davis where Democrats often falter—among white male voters in the state's inland areas. California used to be divided politically between the liberal north (San Francisco) and conservative south (L.A.). Now the split is between the liberal coast and the conservative Central Valley and Inland Empire.

Kent Lemon

Gray Davis

Davis was lucky just to get this far. Several things had to happen that were out of his control. For one, Democratic senator Dianne Feinstein had to stay out, and she did. For another, Davis needed the $1,000 limit on campaign contributions to be tossed out, and a judge did so. His Democratic opponents, Checchi and Rep. Jane Harman, had their own money to spend. Davis has had to raise his. Last, Davis needed Checchi and Harman to destroy each other. That occurred once Checchi unleashed a barrage of negative ads about Harman; they crippled her while backfiring on him. Well before then, Davis had lurched to their right by declaring his opposition to gay marriage and his intention to implement, not seek to overturn, the ban on racial preferences. The result of all this? Davis emerged from the June primary with a favorable rating in polls higher than when he announced.

Since then, he's run a no-risk campaign. The daily back-and-forth with Lungren, the debates, and the TV spots have been stale and uninteresting. Campaign manager South says Davis had planned not to raise the abortion issue, but changed his mind after seeing polls on how pro-choice California is. In a 30-second spot, he zinged Lungren for sponsoring bills "to outlaw abortion, even in cases of rape and incest." Lungren fired back with his own ad. "As a life-long Catholic, I believe abortion is wrong, but I understand the need to make exceptions in cases of rape and incest," Lungren declared. He attacked Davis for opposing parental consent and backing taxpayer-funded abortions, then concluded: "Isn't it time to get back to the major issues of this campaign?" That suggested abortion isn't one, annoying pro-lifers. "It's the issue that sealed his fate," insists South.

Maybe, but what's striking is how backward-looking Davis's position is. Breakthroughs in medical science, innovations in prenatal care, new thinking about the morality of abortion—all are ignored to preserve the right to abortion on demand. This is reactionary liberalism. And Davis and other Democrats drift beyond that into nostalgic liberalism. He says he's eager to restore the caring attitude of the teachers he had growing up in the 1950s. A local Democrat who spoke just before Davis in Riverside harked back to the postwar years of Democratic rule when California had "the finest" schools and highways and the "fairest" society. Davis followed with a touching plea to "recover that almost mystical belief that all things are possible in California." Rather than trendsetting, this is the politics of hindsight.

California isn't quite a political backwater. It's the most populous state, and the next governor will be a major factor in shaping reapportionment of the House of Representatives after 2000. A half-dozen seats in Congress may be at stake in California alone. But this doesn't make the governor of California unique. The governors of Florida and Texas—the Bush brothers, both Republicans—will have as much

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impact on redistricting. And just like the governor of California, they'll be viewed as potential presidential or vice presidential candidates.

What made California politically unique was something larger. It was the state's genius for charting America's political future. Not surprisingly, the political class in California is having trouble accepting the fact California is no longer the trendsetter. Ronald Brownstein, the political writer for the *Los Angeles Times*, tried to resurrect this role by arguing the Davis-Lungren clash foreshadows the 2000 presidential race. Davis is exploiting issues—abortion, gun control, the environment, tobacco, education—that the Democratic nominee is likely to use effectively against a conservative GOP presidential candidate, he wrote.

I doubt it. Tobacco is a negligible issue, and countering Democrats on guns, the environment, and education won't be difficult. And on abortion, my guess is the GOP candidate will have a position closer to Fong's than Lungren's.

There's a way California could be a precursor this year. With a sharply Republican tilt in turnout on November 3, a GOP sweep could develop. Lungren thinks his army of 82,000 volunteers may help produce this. "It's my ace in the hole," he says. A GOP sweep would not only elect Lungren and Fong, it might return the noisiest Republican of all, Bob Dornan, to Congress. To be honest, most Republican strategists in California aren't predicting this, and neither am I. But if it happens, you can be sure it's a preview of 2000. ♦

Bob Dornan's Last Battle

By Matt Labash

Garden Grove, Calif.

Oliver Stone once wrote that former congressman Bob Dornan, Orange County's oratorical blowtorch, is a "man stricken with paranoia." While no one would quibble with Stone's firsthand knowledge of that disorder, it's not a fair diagnosis. Bob Dornan does not merely imagine that people hate him. People really *do* hate him.

Entire organizations have been consecrated to his destruction. After losing the Democratic primary in 1996, Mike Farber founded the advocacy group "Dump Dornan." (Dornan labeled Farber his "evil nemesis.") But the group didn't dissolve when Loretta Sanchez took Dornan's seat in the same year. Instead, it morphed into an outfit called "The Deranged One Has Been Dumped Committee." Dornan is now attempting to reclaim his seat following a 14-month voter-fraud investigation (which established, to no avail, that 748 out of the 984 votes constituting Sanchez's margin of victory were cast by illegal aliens or were otherwise improper).

George Stephanopoulos once called Dornan a "lying lunatic." Bill Clinton suggested that "he needs a rabies shot." (Dornan, for his part, called Stephanopoulos a "misguided young jerk" and continues to call Clinton a "lip-biting degenerate"—among several hundred other epithets.) The late speaker Tip O'Neill recommended that Dornan "see a psychiatrist." And after Dornan rankled Barry Goldwater, the peace-loving senator promised, "I'm going to wreck your life."

Dornan does possess a special knack for driving opponents insane, as he seems to have done to Dietrich Nicholson, who stands watch outside Dornan's Garden Grove campaign headquarters. Dietrich is a slight man with patchy facial hair and a straw fedora. He holds a Loretta Sanchez sign. Dietrich purports to be a carpenter, though for the last eight months he seems to have done little more than mutter to himself while picketing in Dornan's parking lot. Dietrich has dark tales to tell. "Most of the time I get fingers and 'Blank you, Dietrich,'" he says. "These are Dornan supporters. I call them rednecks. The violence is unbelievable." One of the rednecks passes, calling out, "I love you, fella."

"I don't get that often," Dietrich shrugs, as he

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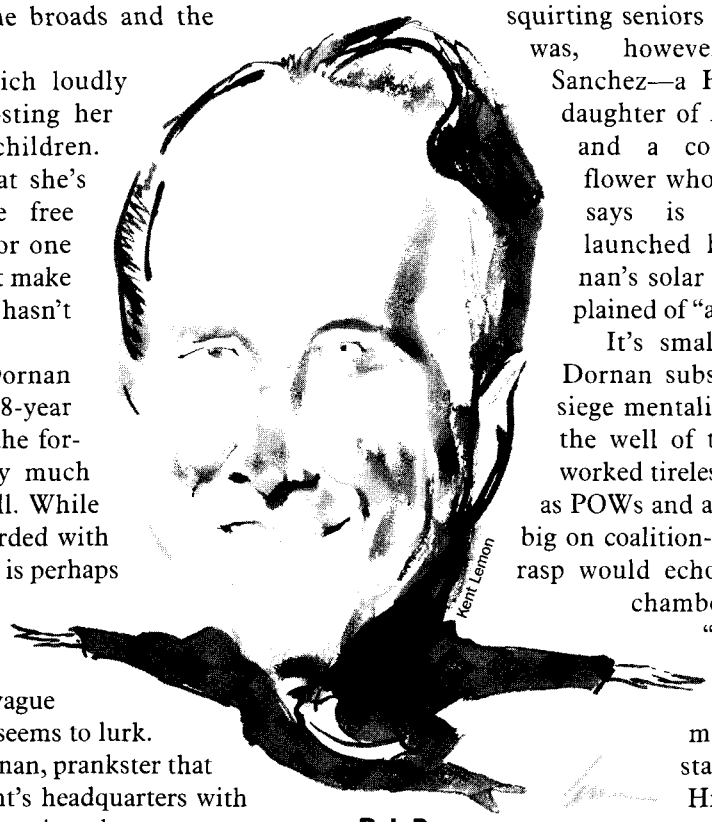
hands me a comb with the inscription "Keep Dornan Out Of Our Hair." A few moments later, a red-headed woman in coveralls descends the stairwell screaming, "DIETRICH! DIETRICH!" loud enough to rupture her uvula. Scared witless, Dietrich cowers and points, "That's her! That's the woman that said she's going to kick the sh— out of me!" The woman is Kathy Dornan, Bob's 37-year-old daughter, who along with her sister, mother, and brother form the nucleus of Team Dornan. "We're just like the Kennedys," says Bob, "except without the broads and the booze."

Kathy accuses Dietrich loudly and repetitively of accosting her and intimidating her children. She assures Dietrich that she's endured about all the free speech she can handle for one campaign and that he best make himself scarce. Dietrich hasn't been back since.

Such is life in the Dornan camp, which, like the 18-year congressional career of the former fighter pilot, pretty much engages at one speed: full. While the political lexicon is larded with the warrior's patois, there is perhaps no stronger simulation of actual combat than parachuting into a Dornan campaign—where a vague threat of violence always seems to lurk. In 1984, for instance, Dornan, prankster that he is, visited his opponent's headquarters with five of his staffers suited up in velour cat costumes (intended to represent the fat cats his opponent was beholden to). It seemed a keen idea, until one of Dornan's felines was kicked down a flight of stairs by a startled Democrat—resulting in the inevitable squad cars, ambulances, and lawsuits. In 1996, the Dornan/Sanchez contest was noteworthy for being the only race in the country where one candidate's campaign manager performed a citizen's arrest on another candidate's spouse (Dornan's son Mark apprehended Loretta's husband Stephen for swiping Dornan campaign signs).

If you're a Dornan in campaign season, it is indeed wise to stay in fighting shape, which is why the 65-year-old Dornan is now doing 300 stomach crunches a day. I ask him whether, if Sanchez ever consents to a debate, he might ask her to hit him in his radiator-slat abs. "She already has," he deadpans.



Bob Dornan

A small physical altercation did in fact take place in a Ralph's parking lot. Dornan had followed Sanchez to the Santa Ana grocery store to force a debate (she has turned down his 10 formal invitations). Team Sanchez alleges that as the congresswoman was holding "neighborhood office hours," Dornan pushed his way into a constituent line and nearly toppled Loretta while body-blocking a senior citizen, who burst into tears. Team Dornan, however, produced a videotape of the incident. No squirting seniors were apparent. There was, however, evidence that Sanchez—a Head Start baby, the daughter of Mexican immigrants, and a congressional-freshman flower who even Newt Gingrich says is "very attractive"—launched her elbow into Dornan's solar plexus. Dornan complained of "a little bump-a-roo."

It's small surprise then that Dornan subscribes to the sort of siege mentality that he brought to the well of the House, where he worked tirelessly on pet causes such as POWs and abortion. He was never big on coalition-building. His guttural rasp would echo through the empty chamber as he delivered "special orders"—lengthy stemwinders that made him a C-SPAN star. He'd ramble like a Hibernian Jeremiah, denouncing everything from Clinton's military record to another congressman's buggery.

His intermittent explosions on the House floor are his most enduring legacy. Chief among the many instances that resulted in Dornan's banishment, censure, or having his mike turned off was the one in '85, when he took after Tom Downey (D-N.Y.), who'd repeatedly criticized the Nicaraguan contras. Dornan had called Downey a "draft-dodging wimp" (Downey received a deferment for a perforated eardrum). When Downey caught up with Dornan, asking him to explain the charge, Dornan replied, "Number one, you're a wimp. And number two, you dodged the draft. Pretty simple, isn't it?" What happened next is a source of debate, but it seems that Dornan, as he says, "straightened" Downey's tie, as he "liked the members to look elegant on the floor." His manhood

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compromised, Downey tattled to the speaker of the House.

But Dornan is now trying to plane his rough edges. Since the start of this year's campaign, he's done his best to be the garrulous candidate and not spook reporters with his obsessiveness over the '96 returns—though if you give him a voter-fraud opening, you'd better not make plans for dinner. The House oversight committee refused to overturn the election, despite documented evidence of illegal ballots. It's a decision that Dornan rightly regards as being influenced by a squeamish GOP leadership, afraid to tangle with a Latina star (Jackson Browne plays her fund-raisers, Clinton and Gore visit her district) in a state where Hispanic outreach is Priority One.

But as this year's Sanchez/Dornan contest is shaping up to be the most expensive House race of the year, Dornan is making nice with the GOP powers that he feels betrayed him—the extra cash from the national party might prove useful. Sanchez is polling anywhere from 7 to 12 points ahead, but Republican leaders regard her seat as winnable since Dornan is believed to only need 5 percent of the Hispanic vote in a year where depressed minority turnout is expected.

DORNAN MAILED FLIERS THAT HAD OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE, THE PATRONESS OF MEXICO, ON THE COVER. "I'M A LATINO," HE SAYS.

While he's enjoying some party support now, Dornan still winces at how long it was in coming. He recalls a meeting in July with RNC chairman Jim Nicholson in which Nicholson asked how "that voter-fraud thing turned out" (five months after the decision). "Then at the end of the meeting," Dornan says, "he falls asleep. I admire him because it's not easy to doze off when Bob Dornan is engaging you." Nicholson explains, "Since I couldn't get a word in edgewise, I took a little power nap."

When it comes to Newt, Dornan is considerably less good humored. He recalls the time he implored Newt to travel with him to Central America to see the freedom fighters up close. "He said, 'Let me get back to you, Robert,' and I knew something creepy was coming. 'You go on down there,' he said. 'It's dangerous. You come back and tell me all about it, and I'll do a special order on it.' I said, 'Hey, Newt, I like my special orders better than yours! I'll do my own friggin' special order! Sorry to hear you think it's dangerous.' And from that moment on, I moved him into a totally different box."

Even when making nice, Bob Dornan has a hard time being anything but Bob Dornan—which is both his charm and his vulnerability. He can try to appease, but there's still something jarring about his person. Take his courtship of Hispanic voters, who may have been alienated by his persistent cries of voter fraud: Dornan elected to crash a Cinco de Mayo reception, where he flopped around the buffet tossing off broken Spanish and using words like *maricón* (homosexual). He mailed graphic partial-birth-abortion fliers that had as their cover art Our Lady of Guadalupe, the patroness of Mexico. And when a reporter asks him if he's ever thought of moderating his style, the full-blooded Irishman says, "I can't, I'm a Latino."

What hurts him most, it seems, is losing his seat to a "giggling airhead" like Loretta Sanchez, who, despite her star quality as a campaigner, is nobody's candidate for sharpest Ginsu in the knife block. Whenever reporters get unfettered access to Sanchez—a mistake her handlers don't make often—the magnitude of his loss becomes a little more painful for the widely read, widely traveled Dornan. In two local newspaper profiles, Sanchez repeatedly referred to the Rayburn House Office Building as "the Raymond Building." She failed to recognize Daniel Patrick Moynihan after several minutes of small talk. She hounded the head of NASA for a ride in the space shuttle eight times in one meeting. And she lied to a constituent about her identity when she picked up the phone, because the constituent wanted to discuss legislation she knew little about.

It's enough to make Dornan keep fighting, to pass up a $3-million talk-radio deal, to stand in a Garden Grove community center to stoke his liver-spotted, bear-claw-inhaling precinct captains, many of them brother "Latinos" who, like Dornan, are here for "Dutyhonorcountry" (Dornan pronounces this as one word). He lectures on the movie *Braveheart* (and on voter fraud) while tousling the hair of four young brothers, ages 3 to 9—all named after Old Testament prophets. As 3-year-old Joel plops down in front of a precinct map, Kathy Dornan bounds through the door, crunching his fingers under her shoe. Joel whimpers a bit. But not for long. There are no weak sisters in a Dornan campaign.

This is evident when Mark Dornan, Bob's 39-year-old son and campaign manager, drags me to a pro-Sanchez labor rally across the street. With his

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video camera and shock of red hair mushrooming out under his *Armageddon* hat, he is immediately identifiable. Mark is introduced over the loud speaker, and a chorus of boos and middle digits are extended in acknowledgment. Thick-torsoed Teamsters and sheet-metal workers congregate around us chanting, "Eight-hour day!" Mark, having no beef with an eight-hour-day—maybe because he's been working 36 hours straight—decides to join the chant, until somebody slaps a union-local sticker on his back. The sticker-slapper then skitters away like a nervous duck. Mark gives chase, and when he catches up with the laborite, they come nose to nose. Surrounded by unfriendlies, Mark says, "Take that off my back, or I'll kick your ass right here." The sticker is removed. Mark looks at me and laughs. "Yeah, baby, I love it," he says. "I love going where angels fear to tread—my dad taught me that." ♦

Conservatives in Tinseltown

By Catherine Seipp

Hollywood, Calif.

Ever since the Rodney King riots and O.J. Simpson, Los Angeles has resembled the proverbial liberal who's been mugged, and the mood in Hollywood is now far friendlier to conservatives than it's been in 30 years. There was a time, for instance, when the name Charlton Heston couldn't be mentioned in polite society here without inducing mimed retching. Now the well-known gun advocate's help has been welcomed by, of all people, Hollywood Ur-liberal Rob Reiner. For the November 3 election, Heston is supporting Proposition 10, Reiner's pet project that funds early-childhood education via extra consumer taxes on tobacco. And when Heston was elected president of the NRA last summer, the *Los Angeles Times*, Hollywood's paper of record, ran a follow-up feature that was—although shaded with sarcasm—not entirely unsympathetic. ("Let's hear it for Chuck Heston, America's new Top Gun.")

Heston did voice-over narration in last summer's hit movie, *Armageddon*; evidently, an outspoken pro-gun stance hasn't kept the 74-year-old actor from working. Nor have libertarian views stalled the careers of fellow gun fanciers Kurt Russell, the action hero and Cato Institute friend, and jingoistic director-screenwriter John Milius, whose 1984 the-Russians-are-coming film *Red Dawn* became notorious, in the wake of the Oklahoma City massacre, as bomber Timothy McVeigh's favorite movie.

Of course, this being Hollywood, politics can become intertwined with image, often daffily so. Milius, a dedicated cigar-smoker despite the asthma that dashed his hopes of serving in Vietnam, is known for his contrarian opinions, tactlessly expressed; they're as much a part of his style as the cigars. Milius doesn't disapprove of militias, because "it's good for these guys to get out and exercise instead of sitting around drinking beer." And he parts company in a rather blustery way with the Right on abortion, which he considers "a really good thing. Anything that gets rid of people is fine with me. I'm for large-scale wars." He pauses to take another call. "That was a great, true, honorable friend of mine, Paul Newman," Milius notes, returning to the line. "He's getting me a Volvo." But isn't that the kind of wussy car . . . *liberals* drive? "It's a good car!" he shouts.

That Milius's politics haven't harmed his social life says something about the position politics really have here: Business is always more important. Besides Newman, Milius's friends to the left include Oliver Stone ("a patriot"), whom he worked with on *Conan the Barbarian*, and Bobby Shriver. But although Milius is constantly involved with new projects—a current one is a feature film about the Pattonesque Air Force general Curtis LeMay—he says his success is in spite of his views. Milius points out that his Teddy Roosevelt drama, *Rough Riders*, was "the most successful thing TNT ever did, but you never heard of it again."

Catherine Seipp, a Los Angeles writer, is the former Hollywood columnist for Salon.

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The situation of Hollywood conservatives is that the good ones are always working, but their views don't help. Screenwriter Lionel Chetwynd, for instance, founded the Wednesday Morning Club as a forum for dissenting (i.e., non-liberal) views the morning after Clinton won the 1992 election. The club's guest speakers this election season have included Hollywood-to-Washington gadfly Matt Drudge, Matt Fong, California's Republican candidate for the U.S. Senate, and California governor Pete Wilson, who used the occasion to stump for the teacher-union-enraging Proposition 8, which would impose such reforms as teacher testing and the quality rating of schools.

A dedicated POW advocate, Chetwynd wrote *The Hanoi Hilton* (which he also directed), *Kissinger and Nixon*, and the Academy-award-nominated *Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*. He's currently juggling five projects. Yet he recalls losing out on a job because the producer thought Chetwynd's politics meant he couldn't write sympathetic characters.

Chetwynd points out that Hollywood conservatives almost never describe themselves as conservative. "Basically, they agree with everything you say—and then add, 'But of course, I'm a Democrat.' There's a lot of cognitive dissonance." Or they describe themselves as libertarian, without always realizing what that means. In Hollywood, it can be shorthand for not wanting anyone to take away your guns or your right to an abortion. It can also mean you don't like paying a lot of taxes just because you make a lot of money. (Interestingly, a current hot political topic that never seems to come up is school vouchers—probably because people in Hollywood send their kids to private schools. The suggested annual voucher credit of around $2,500, which would pay for the parochial education many school-choice supporters want, means nothing here. The private schools favored by the Hollywood set begin at $15,000 per year.)

In any case, nowhere is Hollywood's move away from orthodox liberalism more apparent than in its product. Ten years ago, notes TV sitcom writer and Wednesday Morning Club member Rob Long (who was co-executive producer of *Cheers* and *George & Leo*), it was "practically impossible to find a TV character with AIDS who got it through gay sex." Such head-in-the-sand piety is not the case now. Ben Stein, the screenwriter, character actor, game-show host, and former Nixon speechwriter who's long been an open conservative (and, unlike the rest of them here, is adamantly anti-abortion), says you can see the improved position of conservatives in Hollywood most dramatically in this lack of liberal ideology, a remarkable absence in that it was once pervasive.

"*The Simpsons* was the first show that said if you're a loser it's your own fault," Stein says. "The hippest, hottest show now is *South Park*, and the main character says 'goddamned Democrats' at least once per episode." Even Murphy Brown admitted a few months ago that Dan Quayle was right: The "body of the speech" criticizing out-of-wedlock childbearing "was completely sound," Candice Bergen told the *Los Angeles Times*. (She later backpedaled a bit, on the *New York Times* letters-to-the-editor page, after Quayle's former speechwriter Lisa Schiffren wrote an op-ed piece there about Bergen's statement.)

A PRISTINELY PROGRESSIVE GROUP OF FILMMAKERS EXPLAIN THAT THEY DON'T LIKE TO USE UNION CREWS BECAUSE THE CREWS ARE A BUNCH OF RACIST REDNECKS.

So is Hollywood, long a liberal town, becoming more of a conservative town? Actually, this kind of begs the question. More than anything else, Hollywood is a deeply hypocritical town—a place where, as Chetwynd has long maintained, "the liberalism stops at the studio gates." Nowhere is this more apparent than in the way management treats workers.

When an assistant cameraman named Brent Herschman fell asleep at the wheel and was killed last year after working a 19-hour day on the just-released New Line film *Pleasantville*, the cast and crew organized "Brent's Rule," a drive to cap Hollywood workdays at 12 hours. One assistant director's wife involved in this campaign thought that Castle Rock partner Rob Reiner, who had recently begun his "I Am Your Child" project pushing early-childhood education (this was before it had flowered into Prop. 10), might be a likely supporter. "I wrote him saying that all the parenting classes in the world don't do any good if a parent isn't there," she recalls. "I told him, your company should be the second signatory to this (New Line was the first). No response."

Members of the Independent Feature Projects, a pristinely progressive group, routinely explain that they don't like to use union crews because the crews are a bunch of dumb, racist rednecks. But Gary

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McVey, who hears this complaint all the time as executive director of the non-profit American Cinema Foundation, says that's just the socially acceptable liberal reason. "These are fairly complicated technical jobs—how dumb can they be?" he asks. "And if you look at the minority membership of IATSE compared to the guilds, it's hardly something that can be pointed to as exclusionary. No, the problem is these [union] guys want $3,200 a week, and producers would rather pay $1,300 a week."

Nevertheless, McVey—who carefully describes his organization as "middle-of-the-road and traditionalist . . . with a degree of conservative support unusual in Hollywood"—finds hard-headed businessmen blanch when presented with independent films that (to cite three examples) criticize Castro, satirize the grant-supported arts world, or fail to completely condemn nuclear weapons. Criticism from conservatives is still considered a badge of honor here. When David Horowitz (whose Center for the Study of Popular Culture funds the American Cinema Foundation and the Wednesday Morning Club) took out a full-page ad in *Variety* saying a film sympathetic to the Black Panthers was "a two-hour lie," the filmmakers proudly added it to their press kit.

Hollywood's famous liberalism is less a carefully considered political point of view than a vague policy of cultural feel-goodism. A disapproving phrase heard a lot around town (most recently in connection with Prop. 227, the anti-bilingual-education initiative that passed in the California primaries) is "mean-spirited." The industry runs on the engine of "you like me, you really like me!" As veteran screenwriter William Goldman pointed out years ago in *Adventures in the Screen Trade*, few prospects horrify a star more than the possibility of being seen as "an unsympathetic son of a bitch."

This basically sets the tone. Thus we had last summer's odd spectacle at the MTV Movie Awards, which took place shortly after comedian Phil Hartman's wife fatally shot him while their children slept in the next room and then killed herself. Hartman's friends Mike Myers and Adam Sandler took the stage to describe the late Mrs. Hartman as "a wonderful wife and mother." Presumably, to do otherwise would have been wickedly judgmental, which is almost as bad as mean-spirited.

On the other hand, another reason many Hollywood conservatives are reluctant to identify themselves as such may be that the best-known conservatives don't always sound so smart either. Take the $20-million-per-picture Bruce Willis, whose complaint about high union wages a few years ago was worthy of any turn-of-the-century plutocrat. Willis's anti-liberalism is so well known in Hollywood that, as sort of an inside joke, his oil-driller character in *Armageddon* was shown lobbing golf balls at a Greenpeace ship.

But then he was quoted in *George* magazine last summer praising Louis Farrakhan: "Anybody who stands up against injustice is a hero of mine." This sounded more like left-wing demagoguery. Willis later retracted his words, in a letter to the Anti-Defamation League that basically indicated he hadn't known what he was talking about. But *is* Bruce Willis a conservative? And if so, why? As *Variety*'s Army Archerd said, reporting on the Farrakhan fiasco: "Hey, Bruce, stick to acting." ◆

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THE SUDAN CONNECTION

The Missing Link in U.S. Terrorism Policy

By Andrew C. McCarthy

At the very moment last month when Americans watched the videotape of their chief executive weaseling through testimony before a federal grand jury, President Clinton was addressing the General Assembly of the United Nations in New York on international terrorism. To those who watch terrorism closely, the president's remarks and the accompanying atmosphere were profoundly disheartening. It was clear from the timing that the administration sees terrorism as a "winning issue"—one that both illustrates the president's engagement in a matter of grave importance and reminds the public of the need for an energetic commander in chief. But Clinton's speech was a disaster. It succeeded only in spotlighting the dangerous uncertainty and incompetence of the administration's policy.

Kevin Chadwick

Hass

In many respects it was a boilerplate speech. There was the multilateralism one has come to expect from speeches at the U.N. (the president spoke not of American leadership in fighting terrorism but of the "common obligations" of nations to protect our "common destiny"). There was a tough-sounding summons "to step up extradition and prosecution" of terrorists. And there was the usual call for signing toothless "global anti-terror" conventions. None of this was out of the ordinary. But noticeably and alarmingly absent—especially after the president correctly portrayed the rising danger from global terror organizations bent on acquiring weapons of mass destruction—was any call for increased military readiness to meet the threat.

The omission was all the more pregnant since, in context, it seemed to signal a retreat from the decisive action the administration took on August 20, when it retaliated with cruise-missile strikes for the bombing of the U.S. embassies in Kenya and Tanzania. The American attack targeted sites in Afghanistan and Sudan linked to the wealthy exiled Saudi terrorist, Osama bin Laden, who was responsible for the embassy attacks. Indeed, according to defense secretary William Cohen, the missiles were targeted directly at the camp in Afghanistan where bin Laden was staying. Sudan, for its part, has been a lifeline for bin Laden throughout his fierce, years-long anti-American campaign.

The military strike was thus a fitting response. Yet the president shrank from defending it. Just minutes before he spoke at the U.N., secretary general Kofi Annan offered a none-too-veiled rebuke of the unilateral American action. And the day before, the *New York Times* had reported on the continued hand-wringing at the State Department, which is dissatisfied with the (ever-increasing) level of proof that the Sudanese pharmaceutical factory we bombed was in fact being used at bin Laden's behest to make nerve gas. At the most opportune possible moment, the president declined to speak in defense of his own military response to terrorism.

Does the administration actually grasp the nature of the threat we face? Following the August 20 retaliatory strikes, secretary of state Madeleine Albright and

Andrew C. McCarthy, formerly chief trial counsel at the U.S. Attorney's Office in Manhattan, was the lead prosecutor at the terrorism trial of Sheik Omar Abdel Rahman and 11 others.

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national security adviser Samuel Berger rejected the predictable "wag the dog" accusations with solemn admonitions that, in terrorism, the United States has suddenly been confronted with a "new war"—one we would now have to be prepared to fight, alone if necessary. This was exceedingly curious. There is nothing at all "new" about radical Islam's terrorist war against the United States. It has been going on since the late 1980s. It has been openly declared since the 1993 attack on the World Trade Center in Manhattan, which killed six, injured over a thousand, and caused nearly $1 billion in damage. Its leaders, moreover, have been promising for more than five years that in pursuing this war, they would kill American civilians and bomb American military installations and embassies overseas.

Since the World Trade Center attack, investigators have traced Osama bin Laden and his organization—Al Qaeda, or "the Base"—to several catastrophic attacks on Americans: the 1993 ambush of U.S. soldiers in Somalia during Operation Restore Hope (18 killed), the November 1995 bombing of the American military training center in Riyadh (six killed), and the June 1996 bombing of the Khobar towers in the American military complex in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia (19 killed). Along the way, bin Laden has also been linked to sundry assassination plots against President Clinton and Egyptian president Hosni Mubarak, among others.

THE CLINTON ADMINISTRATION SHOULD EASILY HAVE BEEN ABLE TO DEFEND ITS CRUISE-MISSILE STRIKES. INSTEAD, IT'S FLOUNDERING.

Most alarming, documents recently unsealed in federal court in New York make explicit something that has been assumed for years. Bin Laden's Al Qaeda has formed an alliance with three of the world's most ruthless practitioners of terror: Sudan's National Islamic Front, headed by Hassan al-Turabi; the Iranian sponsored Hezbollah organization; and the Islamic Group headed by Sheik Omar Abdel Rahman—who is serving a life sentence in federal prison following his 1995 conviction (along with 11 underlings) for waging a war of urban terrorism that included the World Trade Center attack and an even more ambitious plot to bomb other New York City landmarks.

That is why, in the aftermath of the cruise-missile launchings, the question bedeviling terrorism-watchers was not whether the American retaliatory strikes targeted a bona fide foe. The question was, Why on earth did Washington take so long to make use of the military option? Now, however, we must ask—and you can bet bin Laden is also asking—Was the impetus for acting a realistic appreciation of the international threat, or the need to find surcease from domestic scandal?

The question arises not from cynicism about the administration's motives but from its thoroughly inept handling of the questions surrounding the Sudanese strike. When officials have come to a rational understanding about a real threat, one expects they will be able to make a cogent case for their actions. And the investigative record supporting the cruise-missile strikes is so rich, the administration should easily have been able to defend them. Instead, an operation against an eminently worthy target, Sudan, is being discredited by the Clinton administration itself, with a series of conflicting explanations narrowly centered on the nature of the chemical plant we targeted. Indeed, hardly a day goes by without continued anonymous bickering over the attack between CIA agents and State Department officials in the pages of the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times*.

The critical error was twofold. Because the administration's foreign-policy attention span is gnat-like and its aversion to prudent military measures immense, it failed to prepare the country—even after the August 7 mass murders at our embassies in Nairobi and Dar es Salaam—for the need to respond with force. Then, after the deed was done, the administration allowed the debate on the Sudanese strike to focus solely on the goings-on at the Al Shifa plant, rather than on Sudan generally. As a result, the propriety of our self-defense has come to rest on such minutiae as the reliability of soil samples, when, from the mountaintops, the State Department should have been proclaiming the prodigious record of anti-American terror compiled since the early 1990s by Hassan al-Turabi, Sudan's de facto sovereign.

Turabi's National Islamic Front has ruled Sudan amid continuing civil strife since 1989, when a military coup wrested control from the democratic government. While his coy manner, fluent English, and Western education have frequently charmed the media here and in Europe, Turabi is a fierce opponent of the U.S. government, of the secular Egyptian government, and of the Saudi regime. He is a friend of radical Islam, of the Hamas and Hezbollah organizations—ever counseling his longtime associate Yasser Arafat towards greater intransigence in dealing with

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Israel. Turabi is also an intimate of bin Laden, whom Sudan officially took in when the Saudi ruling family expelled him in 1994.

For Turabi, providing safe harbor for terrorists was nothing new. Indeed, in 1991, bin Laden's Al Qaeda organization was permitted to move its entire command-and-control structure into Sudan from Afghanistan and Pakistan. As the criminal charges recently unsealed in federal court in Manhattan recount, bin Laden's and Turabi's organizations worked in lockstep: setting up training camps to prepare for terrorist actions, working to obtain sophisticated communications equipment to facilitate their secret activities, and trying to acquire nuclear and chemical weapons.

Sudan offered a congenial atmosphere for a grand alliance of terrorists. In Afghanistan, where traditionally hostile Shia and Sunni Muslims had fought in tandem against the Soviets, bin Laden watched firsthand as the cohesiveness evaporated into bitter infighting once the common Soviet enemy left. Safely ensconced in Sudan, he reflected on how much the radical cause might advance if his Sunni forces could combine with the Shiites of Hezbollah, who are legendarily adept in explosives techniques, to focus on their common enemies: the United States, Israel, and the secular governments in Islamic countries. In Sudan, where Hezbollah had long been welcome, such liaison was possible; thus, under Turabi's wing, joint Al Qaeda-Hezbollah strategies flourished, and bin Laden's guerrillas began shuttling for bomb schooling between Sudan and Iran.

Kevin Chadwick

Sheik Omar Abdel Rahman

Sheik Omar Abdel Rahman was also frequently at the receiving end of Turabi's hospitality. Like Turabi and bin Laden, Abdel Rahman—whose Islamic Group is the leading resistance organization in neighboring Egypt and carried out the 1981 murder of Anwar Sadat for the high crime of making peace with Israel—perceived great benefit in joint ventures with other extremist fundamentalist groups, including Shiites. And like bin Laden, Abdel Rahman has been the beneficiary of generous Sudanese patronage. Thanks to the broad investigations surrounding Rahman's trial in the World Trade Center bombing, we have extraordinarily detailed knowledge of the Sudanese assistance to Abdel Rahman's terrorist operations in the United States and abroad.

By the late 1980s, Abdel Rahman had succeeded in forming a violently anti-American jihad army in the New York metropolitan area, committed to executing terror operations—both here and overseas—aimed at withering U.S. support for Israel. Even before the sheik relocated to the United States in 1990—aboard flights originating in Sudan—terrorists like El Sayyid Nosair and Mahmud Abouhalima, who planned the World Trade Center bombing, were referring to Abdel Rahman as their leader in cryptic telephone reports to him about paramilitary exercises they had organized in remote areas of New York, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania. Documents seized from Nosair's home showed longstanding plans to blow up skyscrapers and other sites of political significance. In mid-1992, those plans were stepped up with the arrival in New York of Ramzi Yousef and Ahmed Ajaj—straight from Peshawar, Pakistan, where bin Laden's Al Qaeda was headquartered before moving to Sudan.

Abdel Rahman, the renowned "emir of jihad," had far more in common with bin Laden than cozy ties with Sudan's Hassan al-Turabi. Their agendas were joined at the hip. Both Abdel Rahman and bin Laden vigorously urged their subordinates to attack American armed forces in Saudi Arabia during the Gulf War. And their organizations have long worked hand in hand. As federal prosecutors investigating the recent embassy bombings revealed in court last month, Wadih el Hage, a chief lieutenant in bin Laden's organization, is a longtime associate of Nosair and once sought to supply arms for Abouhalima. Moreover, when Ramzi Yousef and Ahmed Ajaj

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arrived from Peshawar for their rendezvous with Abdel Rahman's New York henchmen in 1992, they were carrying bomb-making manuals annotated with the phone number of a bin Laden contact—a number Abdel Rahman frequently called from his Jersey City apartment.

After they landed at New York's JFK International Airport, Ajaj was arrested for attempting to enter the U.S. illegally. Yousef, however, managed to persuade customs officials to release him on a bare promise to show up for future immigration proceedings. He, Abouhalima, and several assistants then set about building the powerful urea-nitrate bomb that would be set off under the World Trade Center. Abouhalima turned for assistance in testing explosive chemicals to a young Sudanese immigrant named Siddig Ibrahim Siddig Ali. A polished English speaker, Siddig Ali had key contacts in Turabi's National Islamic Front, including at Sudan's U.N. mission in New York. He became a translator and aide-de-camp for Abdel Rahman.

THE TERRORIST PHONED SUDAN'S U.N. MISSION, WHICH GAVE HIM THE EGYPTIAN PRESIDENT'S ITINERARY IN NEW YORK.

Immediately after the February 26, 1993, World Trade Center bombing, Siddig Ali made arrangements for Abouhalima and his family to flee to Sudan, where their safety would be assured. Unwisely, while en route, Abouhalima stopped to visit relatives in Egypt, where he was arrested. When Hosni Mubarak's government agreed to extradite him to the United States to face trial for the bombing, an enraged Siddig Ali confided to an associate named Abdo Haggag (a covert informant who later became a U.S. government witness) that the time had come to fulfill Sheik Abdel Rahman's longstanding call for Mubarak's assassination.

The Egyptian president was scheduled for a state visit to the United States. Siddig Ali, using his Turabi connections, called officials at Sudan's U.N. mission. Deputy consul Ahmed Yousef, after admonishing Siddig Ali that it was better to discuss such matters in person, told him Mubarak's itinerary—which was to include an overnight stay at Manhattan's posh Waldorf Astoria Hotel. Siddig Ali reconnoitered the site, ordered the weaponry needed for his plan (grenades and high-power firearms) from an associate in New York, and sketched diagrams for deploying his Sudanese paramilitary recruits during the anticipated attack. The plot was betrayed by Haggag, who confided it to an Egyptian government official. As a result, Mubarak avoided New York during his U.S. trip. Siddig Ali assured Abdel Rahman that the assassination effort would continue, anticipating a renewed attempt in September 1993, when Mubarak was scheduled to return for a U.N. function.

Meanwhile, Siddig Ali had bigger fish to fry. Picking up where the World Trade Center bombers had left off, he spent the spring of 1993 designing a series of simultaneous bombings of New York City landmarks. This plan, too, was foiled by his unlucky choice of accomplices: As his bomb technician, Siddig Ali drafted an Egyptian named Emad Salem who had been an FBI informant since 1991. Following the Trade Center bombing, Salem agreed to record conversations for the FBI, and the result was a trove of insight—including Siddig Ali's explanation that his information about Mubarak's itinerary had come from the "highest level" of the Sudanese government.

After scouting a number of potential targets that included army installations, the Javits Federal Building (which houses the FBI's New York field office), and the George Washington Bridge, Siddig Ali settled on three: the United Nations headquarters and the Lincoln and Holland tunnels, which connect Manhattan to New Jersey. The operation against the tunnels was to be as simple as it was horrifying. Siddig Ali would direct his Sudanese underlings to steal four cars, two for stowing bombs to be left in the middle of each tunnel, and two in which to flee from the targets minutes before the explosion. Car theft would avoid the tell-tale error of the World Trade Center bombers, who were found because one of them had rented under his true name the van that had carried the bomb.

The U.N. plot, because of the presence of security guards, was more demanding. But consular officials at the Sudanese mission agreed to provide access to the complex so that Siddig Ali could study the site. They would also supply diplomatic license plates. By affixing the plates to another stolen, bomb-laden car, Siddig Ali would forestall questions at the entrance and be able to park in an area that promised maximum carnage. Siddig Ali anticipated fleeing undetected to the Philippines and then to Sudan, using travel papers provided by the Sudanese mission.

Siddig Ali did not merely speak incessantly of his Sudanese government contacts. He actually brought Emad Salem to the U.N. mission, where the consul, Siraj el-Din, rolled out the red carpet for his honored

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guests (who were in the middle of planning a massive bombing). Siddig Ali later explained that Turabi's consular officials were committed to jihad and worked to bring those of similar mind to the United States. Such immigrants included the men who were then involved in constructing explosives for bombing the U.N. and the tunnels. Siddig Ali advised Salem that the tactical plan for the U.N. attack would have to include provisions for keeping Sudanese mission personnel out of harm's way.

By the time Siddig Ali spoke with deputy consul Yousef on May 23, 1993, his telephone was wiretapped by federal agents. Having been gulled into believing Salem had "swept" his home and telephone to detect bugging devices, Siddig Ali comforted Yousef with the assurance that his telephone was "good and clean." With the bombing plans already well underway, Siddig Ali cryptically asserted: "May God grant you . . . the ability to repulse the enemies . . . the ones who are here. . . . Because we are ready, we are watching the situation. . . . Strong conspiracies are being weaved in the darkness." After Siddig Ali repeated that he and the others were "ready to die" if necessary, Yousef spoke of the "cost" of "confront[ing] the West" and invoked Islamic scripture in adding, "We are not going to prevail by outnumbering you, but rather God's wrath is focused upon you." Siddig Ali concurred: "Yes, we'll fight them with this religion."

THE PLOTTERS WERE ARRESTED IN A DANK QUEENS GARAGE IN THE ACT OF MIXING FERTILIZER AND FUEL OIL TO MAKE A BOMB.

This call took place as contacts in the Sudanese mission were putting Siddig Ali in touch with Mohammed Saleh, a Hamas operative who owned two gas stations in Yonkers. Eventually, Saleh contributed over 200 gallons of diesel fuel for the construction of the bombs that were to be deployed at the U.N. and in the tunnels. In a startling conversation recorded by Salem on June 4, 1993, Saleh bragged of his longstanding association with Sudan's Turabi, recounted Hamas terror operations in Israel, and agreed with Siddig Ali that priority should be given to a plan to murder U.N. secretary general Boutros Boutros-Ghali. Siddig Ali had explained to Salem that he and deputy consul Yousef considered plans to kill Boutros-Ghali but ultimately shelved them out of fear that a successor might prove worse for militant Muslims.

As the bombing plans progressed, Siddig Ali assured Salem that the current plot was not the only thing in store for the United States. The war would also be taken overseas against American military bases and embassies—particularly if the World Trade Center bombers were convicted and received life sentences. This only served to underscore the threat made by the bombers—in letters to the *New York Times* and other media outlets—of more and greater bloodshed if the United States did not heed their demand to abandon Israel and Middle East affairs.

In mid-June 1993, Siddig Ali brought another Sudanese associate, Tarig Elhassan, into the bombing conspiracy. Elhassan consulted a Sudanese engineer for a study of the tunnels and the George Washington Bridge, later recalling how he had told the engineer the results would be sent to Sudan, to the Hamas and Fatah organizations, and to similar groups in Pakistan and Afghanistan. Siddig Ali agreed that it was essential "to collect information for the future" because of what he perceived as the likelihood of American retaliation against Sudan if its connection to the landmarks-bombing plot were later discovered.

On June 24, 1993, at 2 A.M. in a dank Queens garage serving as a makeshift safehouse, Siddig Ali, Elhassan, and three of their countrymen were arrested with one other man (an American named Victor Alvarez, who was called "Mohammed the Spanish") in the act of mixing fertilizer and fuel oil. At his Yonkers home, Mohammed Saleh was also arrested, carrying on his person contact numbers for the Sudanese consul Siraj el-Din, deputy consul Ahmed Yousef, and a diplomat at the Sudanese embassy in Washington. The would-be bombers, Abdel Rahman, and Nosair were all convicted in 1995 of seditious conspiracy to levy war against the United States. The Sudanese consular officials, el-Din and Yousef, were expelled from the United States as *personae non gratae*.

Yet, just as the World Trade Center bombers and Siddig Ali predicted, the war was even then being taken overseas. By late 1993 in Sudan, Osama bin Laden's Al Qaeda was not merely producing firearms and explosives in conjunction with Sudan's ruling National Islamic Front and Hezbollah; it was making efforts to procure enriched uranium for the development of nuclear weapons. At the same time, bin Laden issued *fatwas* to all his followers declaring that the United States was an enemy of Islam and that attacking its forces was a sacred obligation. Among the principal

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justifications he cited was the imprisonment of Sheik Abdel Rahman. From Sudan, Al Qaeda guerrillas were sent to recruit and train fighters in Somalia. The deadly attacks against American troops in Mogadishu soon followed.

While still headquartered in Sudan, bin Laden proceeded to orchestrate not just bombings of U.S. military installations in Saudi Arabia but another nearly successful assassination attempt on Mubarak—this one in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. That attack was carried out in 1995 by guerrillas trained in Sudan. The next year, bin Laden's Al Qaeda moved its headquarters from Sudan back to Afghanistan, where the Taliban were consolidating their hold on power. The Sudanese camps, however, continued to function. In early 1998, some six months before Al Qaeda explosives razed our embassies in east Africa, bin Laden joined the Islamic Group in a public declaration calling for resources to be pooled for the purpose of killing Americans—including civilians—anywhere in the world.

Kevin Chadwick

Osama bin Laden

For a brief period in August, it looked as if the Clinton administration understood the facts of the situation: The United States is under hostile, military attack from a capable adversary committed to terrorism as a method. That adversary is an international amalgam, and Sudan is a significant member—in common parlance, an enemy, and one without whom the terrorists' venture could not succeed. Such an adversary will not be defeated by the techniques the president recommended at the U.N.—increased international cooperation in the prosecution and extradition of terrorists. These are necessary steps, but breathtakingly inadequate. A military threat calls for a military response.

Former president Jimmy Carter and the *New York Times*, to name two, have recently joined the orchestra of Neros fiddling for official inquiries into the good faith of our retaliatory strike against the Sudanese pharmaceutical factory—preoccupied with learning whether it was actually processing deadly VX gas (as the Clinton administration first asserted), "merely" storing VX (or precursor chemicals) among legitimate medicinal supplies, or had no connection to nerve gas or bin Laden. Surely, the choice of targets can be debated, but no one in the administration, it seems, is prepared with the brief to make the case that should have been made in the first place: Sudan has threatened our vital interests with impunity for years. And while civilian casualties are a regrettable fact of life in times of war, responsibility for our retaliatory use of force belongs not to U.S. analysts but squarely on the shoulders of Hassan al-Turabi.

In the main, international terrorism is a military problem, not a criminal-justice issue. There is a severe limit to the circumstances in which it is either possible or prudent to apprehend terrorists overseas only to swaddle them in the rights of American defendants—including educating them, through the extensive discovery our system mandates, as to what we know about them and the precious and regrettably scarce sources of that information. Terrorists, furthermore, see the world in gimlet-eyed simplicity. They are not swayed by our breathless pursuit of international conventions that are broken with impunity, weapons-inspection regimes that we lack the stomach to police, or "peace processes" that become hideous euphemisms for body counts. These convey weakness. What impresses them is the certainty that force will swiftly and surely be met with exponentially superior force. That alone is a meaningful deterrent.

What is most needed in the war against terror is increased military spending and preparedness, and a missile-defense system for the day in the not-too-distant future when Osama bin Laden or someone like him is capable of launching weapons of mass destruction at the United States, our soldiers, diplomats, and citizens abroad, and our allies. That requires making the case, straightforwardly and without apology, about who our enemies are. Sudan would be a good place to start. ♦

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100 Years of Zionism and 50 Years of Israel

What Can the World Learn from It?

In 1894, Theodor Herzl, a journalist and thoroughly assimilated Austrian Jew, was assigned by his Vienna paper to cover the notorious Dreyfus trial in France. The experience of seeing this Jewish officer being railroaded to a life sentence on Devil's Island led him to the recognition that life for Jews in Europe was untenable and that the solution of the "Jewish problem" lay in the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine.

What are the facts?

The Birth of a Dream. The return to Zion had for 2,000 years been the dream of Europe's dispersed Jews, the only hope in their miserable lives. "Next year in Jerusalem" had always been the watchword. But nothing was done to bring this dream to reality. Theodor Herzl organized the first Zionist Congress in Basel (Switzerland) in 1897 and political Zionism was born.

The concept of creating a new nation in what was then a sparsely-settled country was something totally new, never before attempted in the history of mankind. But Herzl's vision fired up world Jewry and especially the Jews of eastern Europe, who were despairing under the yoke of Russian oppression and recurring pogroms. Energized by Zionist aspirations, British Foreign Secretary Lord Balfour issued his famous Declaration in 1917, by which Palestine was established as a national home for the Jewish people. In 1922, the League of Nations entrusted Britain with the Mandate for Palestine. Regrettably, and contrary to the Balfour Declaration and the requirment of the Mandate, Britain decided that the provisions for setting up a Jewish national home would not apply east of the Jordan River. That area constituted three-fourths of the territory of the Mandate and eventually became the Hashemite Kingdom of Transjordan. Only one-quarter of Palestine remained to fulfill the Jewish dream.

A Nation is Born and Succeeds. The modern state of Israel was founded in May 1948, almost exactly fifty years ago—fifty years after Herzl formulated the concept. Immediately upon its creation, the country was invaded by the armies of five Arab countries. With a total Jewish population of only about 650,000, and with limited armaments and resources, the ragtag army of Israel defeated the combined might of the aggressors and established itself firmly within its boundaries. Transjordan (now renamed Jordan) stayed in possession of Judea/Samaria (now known as the "West Bank") and the eastern part of Jerusalem. Egypt occupied the Gaza Strip. The price was very high. In this bloodiest of wars imposed on Israel, over 6,000 citizen-soldiers died -- over 1% of the population. It is as if the United States were to suffer a loss of close to 3 million people! It was not the only war that its neighbors visited on Israel. In the Six-Day War of 1967, Israel once again prevailed; it repossessed Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"), the eastern part of Jerusalem, and conquered the vast Sinai Peninsula and the Golan Heights. And once more, in 1973, the Arabs tried to destroy Israel in the Yom Kippur War. Once more, they suffered defeat.

> "One would think that the world, especially the emerging nations, would wish to learn from Israel's example, so as to emulate its achievement. Unfortunately, almost the exact opposite is the case"

Despite being under constant attack and siege and having suffered over 20,000 dead in those defensive wars, Israel created social and political systems and an economy that continues to amaze experts worldwide. Israel is the only truly democratic country in the entire Middle East, with governmental structure and institutions comparable to those of the United States. Its economy—despite the enormous defense expenditures mandated by the aggressiveness of its neighbors and despite the effort and expense of having absorbed more than 2.5 million immigrants (four times the population at the creation of the state)—can only be described as a miracle of human accomplishment. Virtually everything—infrastructure such as roads, railroads, ports, airports, water carriers, electricity stations and distribution networks—had to be built from a minimal base. Today, Israel's economy is booming. It is a leader in high-tech technology; it has created one of the most advanced agricultural systems in the world; it is one of world leaders in economic growth rate; it has one of the highest per-capita incomes in the world; and it is the world leader in exports per capita.

We have in this century seen the demise of many "isms", the most prominent failures being those of Communism and Nazi-ism. But Zionism, the national movement of the Jewish people, has flourished despite incredible obstacles—to an extent that the visionary Theodor Herzl could not have possibly imagined 100 years ago. One would think that the world, especially the emerging nations, would wish to learn from Israel's example, so as to emulate its achievements. Unfortunately, almost the exact opposite is the case. Goaded by the Arab nations, inalterably hostile to Israel and single-mindedly dedicated to its destruction, the United Nations has offered more than 100 resolutions censuring and condemning Israel's actions.

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The Conduct of Life

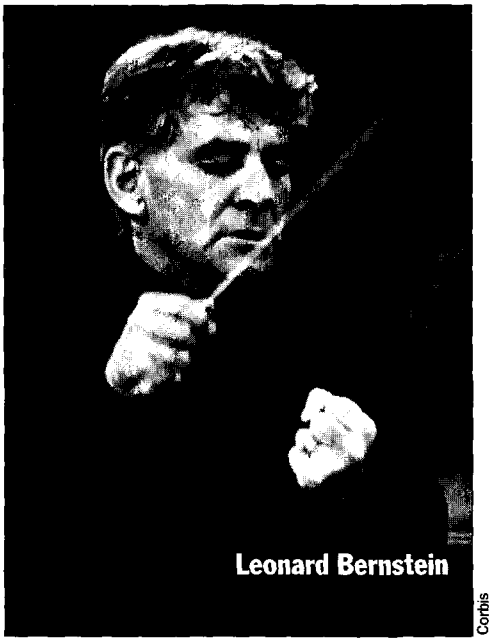
PBS Airs a Biography of Leonard Bernstein

By Andrew Ferguson

The PBS series *American Masters* opens its new season on Wednesday, October 28, with a biography of Leonard Bernstein. The show's title—"Reaching for the Note"—is suitably overripe, in the Bernstein manner, and just this side of pretentious. Bernstein's was one of the richest lives in twentieth-century music, but a two-hour documentary, satisfying as it is, can only skip across the surface. This is television, after all. So the pictures are nice, with lots of rarely seen home movies and other unfamiliar footage. And the music—well, the music's pretty good, too.

The first music we hear isn't Bernstein's but Beethoven's. The dirge of the Seventh Symphony, taken from Bernstein's last performance as a conductor, plays behind shots of the maestro's funeral cortege as it wound its way to a Brooklyn cemetery in October 1990. It's a lovely opening, casting the rest of the documentary in a melancholy glow and underscoring its unexpected theme: that for all his high spirits and dazzling attainments, Bernstein was tormented by his own unfulfilled ambitions and failed promise. "With all that ego," says his friend Arthur Laurents, "he never thought he was good enough." Bernstein insecure? Wracked with self-doubt? Who would have guessed?

But maybe we shouldn't be surprised. His life was balanced precariously among opposing urges. Privately he craved the comforts of family, but as he grew older he succumbed (not so privately) to his omnivorous sexual appetite—an appetite fed by fame and wealth and a steady freshet of worshipful, young, and usually male acolytes. As the most celebrated conductor of his day, he longed for the solitude and freedom from distraction that might have allowed him to become a great composer. Yet during his composing sabbaticals he couldn't wait to return to the concert hall. And he hungered to write the serious works that would overshadow the scores he did for the musical stage and upon which, to his undying frustration, his popular reputation rests: *On the Town*, *Candide*, and, preeminently, *West Side Story*.



Leonard Bernstein

Corbis

This isn't a recipe for a serene life. But Bernstein was unconditioned for serenity; his conflicting ambitions pushed him to a state of constant motion. He was born in Lawrence, Massachusetts in 1918 and grew up in Boston, the son of Russian immigrants. His father was a well-to-do supplier of beauty products with little interest in the impractical fancies of music and actively discouraged his son. The family didn't own a piano until Lenny was ten. "I touched the keys," Bernstein said later, with typical extravagance, "and I knew I'd touched God." God responded favorably, and by twenty he was under the tutelage of the most famous musicians in pre-war America. Aaron Copland and Serge Koussevitsky encouraged his composing, and Fritz Reiner and Dimitri Mitropoulos taught him to conduct.

Like all Bernstein biographies, "Reaching for the Note" locates the turning point in his professional life at November 14, 1943, when Lenny, then twenty-five, filled in for an ill Bruno Walter to conduct—without rehearsal, on four hours' notice—the most prestigious symphony orchestra in the country, the New York Philharmonic. The debut was carried live on national radio and made the front page of the next day's *New York Times*. "Overnight, Lenny was one of the most famous men in America," says his brother. That's not really true—exaggeration must run in the family—but "Reaching for the Note" does a good job conveying how important the moment was for American music. At the time, conventional opinion held that serious musicians were by definition European; no American even led a major American orchestra. But now his fellow musicians were attesting to Bernstein's seriousness as

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an artist, even as he was undeniably, flamboyantly American.

There was, to begin with, his style as a conductor. In all things he was a shameless exhibitionist, but never more so than when he took command of an orchestra. He would hunch his shoulders and twist his torso, arch his arms and shuffle his feet, leap skyward and sometimes even pantomime the instruments as he gave them a cue. He seemed to be impersonating the music. More than once in his long career he fell off the podium, a casualty of his own enthusiasm. A large number of critics felt the music was a casualty, too—though the documentary passes over the negative critical reception that often followed his performances. "His footwork was magnificent last night," wrote his nemesis, Harold Schonberg of the *New York Times*, in a typically wry notice from the mid-1960s. "But one did wish that there had been more music and less exhilaration." The public, of course, lapped it up. With his good looks, his unruly hair, his contagious ardor, and the magnificent cut of his white tie and tails, he became, as André Previn puts it, "everyone's idea of a classical musician."

You couldn't escape Bernstein in the 1950s or '60s, if you had the slightest interest in classical music, and even if you didn't. His celebrity was owing in large part to his appearances on television, in the more than fifty *Young People's Concerts* he presented on CBS from 1958 to 1969. These performances, which are still available on videotape, are in many respects his most indelible achievement, a marvel of popularization that roped thousands of newcomers, maybe millions, into the pleasure of classical music. The brief excerpt in "Reaching for the Note" offers no more than a hint of their depth and charm.

"He wanted to take away the notion that classical music was an elitist art form," one critic says of the *Young People's Concerts*. This isn't quite accurate. Bernstein didn't want to lower the art form; he wanted to elevate the audience. The shows are most striking in his absolute refusal to condescend. Classical music *is* an elite art form, it's subtler and more sophisticated than most other kinds of music. Bernstein's great gift was to make subtlety and sophistication accessible. "Anybody can hum a tune or feel a rhythm," Bernstein said in one of the early shows, "but I want you to do something else. I want you to be a real music listener." What faith it must have taken to make that statement to millions of Americans, slumped in front of their TVs! But that's what his viewers became: real listeners. The question he returned to again and again was, "Why does music give pleasure?" As we watched him answer the question, our pleasure in music was immeasurably deepened; and many people now in their forties and fifties fell permanently in his debt.

YOU COULDN'T ESCAPE HIM IF YOU HAD ANY INTEREST IN CLASSICAL MUSIC—AND EVEN IF YOU DIDN'T.

This is a very high achievement, enough by itself to validate any career. But Bernstein was a composer, too, one who suffered painfully from that dreaded artistic affliction, the Masterpiece Complex. His sometime collaborator Stephen Sondheim called it "important-itis." As a young student under Copland and Koussevitsky he composed art music exclusively, until his friend Jerome Robbins brought him an idea for a ballet—which quickly evolved into *On the Town*, a musical comedy that ran on Broadway for more than a year during the war. "Okay, you've had your fun," Koussevitsky told him after the premiere. "Now get back to serious work."

The sentiment dogged him throughout his life—this sharp division between his popular works and the works that he hoped would confirm him to the world as a great composer. Yet with a few exceptions his serious pieces have failed to last. Today his symphonies in particular sound hopelessly overblown, puffed up with a kind of midcult, postwar pretentiousness. As a teacher Bernstein was emphatic that superior music expressed only itself. As a composer, though, he freighted his scores with fashionable, derivative ideas about simply everything. His program notes overflow with references to psychoanalysis, existential angst, the Loss of Faith, the consumer society—the small talk of the New School faculty lounge circa 1955. Listening to *Jeremiah* and *The Age of Anxiety*, his first and second symphonies, you feel as though you're back in Eisenhower America, being pressured to do all kinds of enlightened things: vote for Adlai Stevenson, read Camus, believe Alger Hiss. All of which Bernstein did, of course, with great enthusiasm.

His music for the stage wasn't immune to important-itis, either. *Candide*, for example, was a thick-fingered satire of McCarthyism, and *West Side Story* an earnest plea for ethnic harmony, as high-minded as a pamphlet from the Good Government League. But in trying to reach a wide audience Bernstein made music that broke free of its literal subject matter, bubbling with a kinetic energy that seemed almost self-created. *Candide*'s overture and choral pieces, the dance music from *West Side Story*, a dozen other tunes from that score and from *On the Town*: These, most likely, are the music that will last, destined to please audiences many generations removed from our own. He must have recognized the irony and hated it. And so, inevitably, he was discontented to the end. With a rueful shrug, a friend says in "Reach for the Note": "He wanted to be Gustav Mahler the Second."

Too bad, too bad. Because, after all, he was Leonard Bernstein the First, the only one we'll ever have—not good enough for him, maybe, but more than good enough for the rest of us. ♦

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VILE BODIES

The Curtain Rises and Falls on Corpus Christi, *Terrence McNally's Gay Jesus Play*

By Rod Dreher

Whatever else might be said about it, Terrence McNally's *Corpus Christi*, the controversial "gay Jesus" play, has been good for ecumenism.

On opening night, Tuesday, October 13, a rain-soaked throng of protesters massed behind New York City police barricades outside the midtown Manhattan Theater Club. Amid the crowd of rosary ladies and men wearing Notre Dame caps stood Hispanic Pentecostals, hands raised in prayer, and, strangest of all, a bold-printed banner reading "Muslims for Christ."

You don't see that sort of interfaith agreement often, but then it's pretty rare to find a stage Christ who buggers his apostles and goes to the Cross condemned as "King of the Queers." *Corpus Christi* isn't *Cats*, but it is undeniably the theatrical event of the season—as it was sure to be from the moment the *New York Post* reported on May 1 that McNally (known mostly for his light comedies on homosexual themes) would turn his talents to heterodox theology.

When it was reported that the play would present Jesus as a libidinous homosexual and would contain much profanity and raw sexuality, the usual suspects—particularly William Donohue's Catholic League—promptly screamed in outrage. Spooked by the protest and by death threats allegedly received over the phone, some of the show's top corporate patrons threatened to pull their subsidies. The theater finally announced that it was shelving the production—which in turn ignited gay playwright Tony Kushner and other New York arty types to caterwaul about censorship and vow to boycott the theater in protest of what they condemned as cowardice.

As quickly as it had canceled *Corpus Christi* on May 21, Manhattan Theater Club reinstated the play on May 28, announcing that patrons would have to pass through a metal detector before taking their seats. As summer dwindled down, the *New York Post*'s theater writer, Ward Morehouse III, reported that McNally was revising the script to remove some of the most objectionable material, ostensibly so the expletives in the dialogue would not distract from the play's serious theological message. Of course for devout Christians, the play's theological message *is* the offensive part—a point that eluded critics complaining that Christians shouldn't gripe about a play they hadn't seen. What did they expect, a homosexual Jesus that even the pope could enjoy?

I had no plans to see *Corpus Christi*, but when a friend came up with an extra ticket for a preview, I decided to take it—though with considerable trepidation. My wife tends to worry about the residue left in my mind by the films I have to watch as a film critic. Having heard me carry on for weeks about Todd Solondz's repulsive child-rape comedy *Happiness*, she was apprehensive about my seeing a play that promised to offend our most sacred and deeply held beliefs.

In the event, the play proved terrible simply as theater: puerile agitprop masquerading as challenging art. The only challenge is staying awake for McNally's Sunday-school hissy fit, a one-act drama so vapid it makes trendy theobabble sound like the *Summa Theologica*. I expected the roaring of lions; I got the yapping of poodles.

Joan Marcus / Manhattan Theater Club

Anson Mount as Joshua/Jesus prays in a scene from Corpus Christi.

From the opening scene (in which John the Baptist christens a cute male apostle with the words: "I baptize you and recognize your divinity as a human being"), McNally immerses us in nothing but New Age narcissism. Judas gets a vulgar rise out of the audience when he introduces himself by bragging about the size of his sexual equipment. Yahweh

Rod Dreher is chief film critic of the New York Post.

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makes a brief appearance to tell Joshua—the Jesus figure—what his mission will be: "All men are divine. That's the secret you will teach them."

Think that's deep? Later in the play, while Joshua is being lashed at the pillar in the background, McNally has a nasty nun taking a ruler to the knuckles of an errant Catholic schoolgirl. For McNally, beating a man to ribbons with a whip is the same as a classroom red-knuckling by a sister. McNally, remember, is no petulant tenth-grader, but a fifty-nine-year-old playwright with a platoon of Tony Awards and Pulitzer Prizes on his mantelpiece. The banality and childishness of this dreary thumb-sucker are incredible. While protesters are right to complain that a play treating other religious or social groups so offensively would never have made it to the theater, it is no less true that a play this mediocre would never have been staged in such a prestigious venue *except* for its politically correct sensationalism.

McNally's solemn screed is not remotely dangerous, because it never takes the Jesus of the Gospel seriously. McNally's Jesus/Joshua is a milquetoast fellow born to white-trash parents in Corpus Christi, Texas (the drama takes place in ancient Jerusalem melded with the playwright's American hometown). Joshua discovers he's bad at athletics and has a frail, artistic sensibility—hackneyed stereotypes that would be denounced as outrageously offensive had they been conceived by a straight dramatist.

Joshua discovers his homosexuality when Judas comes on to him in the bathroom during the prom at—I swear this is true—Pontius Pilate High School. Soon he has begun his ministry and attracted a homophilic posse of Gap-clad hunks. When one admits to feeling marginalized, Joshua coos, "We're each special, we're each ordinary, we're each divine." How McNally kept himself from inserting at this point an angelic choir singing "Kum Ba Yah," I'll never know.

Joshua picks up another apostle at a gay disco, but what really gets him in trouble is uniting James and Bartholomew in holy matrimony. "Now let's all get very, very drunk!" he says, as a final benediction. When the censorious old priest comes out to chastise him, Joshua creases his cheek with a hard slap. Before long, Joshua is taking the lash at the post, and after nearly two hours of being thrashed by McNally's noodley nostrums, we know just how he feels.

Most reviewers concurred. "Its dramatic and intellectual thinness is stunning," wrote *Slate* magazine's Jacob Weisberg. Ben Brantley led his devastating *New York Times* review with: "The excitement stops right after the metal detectors." The friend who had brought me to the play, Lawson Taitte of the *Dallas Morning News*, previewed his review for me as we left the theater that night: "It's *Godspell* for gay folks."

And what of the protesters? It's hard to fault them for coming out to demonstrate against what they rightly regard as a blasphemous abomination, and indeed McNally proudly intends to insult them: "If we have offended," one character offers as the play's summation, "so be it." But controversy turns out to be the only thing *Corpus Christi* has going for it. Thanks to the rosary ladies, the entire six-week run has sold out, and good liberals will be forcing themselves to sit through an evening of trite, soppy-sentimental, fourth-rate theater—all to make themselves feel they've done something noble.

After the show, my wife met us for dinner. Her expression was tense. "How was it?" she asked.

"Nothing to it," I answered. "Jesus is a nice boy who says we're all super-special, and thinks nobody should judge anybody. He says God is love, and men love God when they canoodle each other. He thinks gay marriage is neat."

She looked relieved. "Oh, so he's an Episcopalian." ♦

TED'S REDS

Ted Turner Presents the Cold War on CNN

By Arnold Beichman

Ted Turner's new, $12 million CNN series on the Cold War—whose first episode aired on September 27 and which continues every Sunday until April 19—is not without merit. Yet as I previewed the twenty-four episodes, fifty minutes each, I was reminded of the timid young English curate who, having been invited to his first breakfast with the bishop, was served a rotten egg. When his ecclesiastical host inquired how he had found his meal, the curate replied, "Parts of it were excellent, Your Grace."

Parts of the Turner extravaganza are excellent and parts of it are dreary beyond measure—especially the long sermons on Marxism-Leninism by Turner's personal friend and duck-hunting companion, Fidel Castro. No one would dare impose on an audience such Castrovian drivel unless driven by his financial backer, which is what must have happened to the series' producer, Sir Jeremy Isaacs. Just when you think you've

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seen the last of him, there Castro is again ranting away to the invisible interviewer. Did it not occur to Isaacs to add an interview or two with Armando Valladares or any other of the thousands of Fidel's victims?

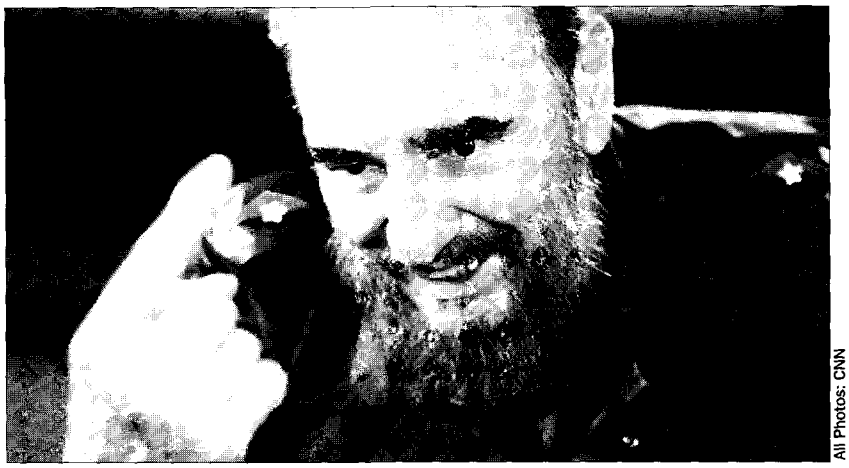
The great virtue of Turner's film is that it brings to life some of the history we have lived through. It shows much dramatic footage: the capture, trial, and execution of the Ceausescus in Romania on Christmas Day 1989; scenes from the June 17, 1953, uprising in Berlin; the 1956 revolts in Poland and Hungary; the 1968 occupation of Czechoslovakia; the Stalinist trials in Eastern Europe. The filmmakers have found a Russian woman in Soviet intelligence who confirmed that Roosevelt's Soviet-owned villa at Tehran was bugged and transcripts of the American discussions were delivered each morning to Stalin's dacha.

Of course, no film based on oral interviews can ever be real history in the way in which great historians write history. Oral history usually suffers from faulty memory and the narrator's desire to give—as the Grand Poo-bah put it in *The Mikado*—"artistic verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative."

And yet, though a television program intended for popular consumption can't be a historical monograph, the conscientious (as opposed to the tendentious) historian will test his findings against all available evidence. And that's exactly what Turner's CNN series never manages to do.

This is not to say that CNN's scriptwriters falsify the now obvious in Soviet history. After all, Nikita Khrushchev denounced Stalin in 1956. So Stalin, we are told and shown, was a tyrant who murdered millions of peasants, instituted a reign of terror, and established a police state.

What the film doesn't do (and perhaps movie documentaries cannot do) is present an explanation of why, once the totalitarian system was installed, the Cold War became inevitable. Former Soviet foreign minister Alexander Bessmertnykh has argued that the Cold War started not with Churchill's "Iron Curtain" speech in Fulton, Missouri, on March 5, 1946, but rather three decades earlier with the Bolshevik Revolution. Totalitarianism—the unrestrained rule by terror and modern technology, the destroyer of civil society and law, the society in which no one was innocent—was a new social force, said Hannah Arendt, radically different from the tyrannies and dictatorships of the past.



All Photos: CNN

Fidel Castro explains communism in CNN's Cold War *documentary.*

But if the failure of Turner's extravaganza to capture the international aspects of the Cold War derives from the general inability of film to present that sort of history, the CNN series fails as well where it might have succeeded: in presenting the domestic aspects of the Cold War. It is with McCarthyism and Vietnam that Turner's anti-anti-communism and claim of "moral equivalence" shows itself most glaringly and where producer Isaacs himself demonstrates a lack of understanding.

You can't go wrong showing Joe McCarthy—his "five o'clock shadow," his half-whining, half-droning voice—but is that all there was to it? Turner's series juxtaposes the McCarthy era with the Soviet Gulag. Were there no anti-Communists with impeccable civil rights records who might have been interviewed? CNN might have quoted Diana Trilling, who wrote that "a staunch anti-Communism was the great moral-political imperative of our epoch." Or the seminal writings of Sidney Hook, who described McCarthyism as "cultural vigilantism." Or there might have been a filmed reference to the liberal journalist, Nicholas von Hoffman, who wrote in the *Washington Post* in 1996 that "enough new information has come to light about the Communists in the U.S. government that we may now say that point by point Joe McCarthy got it all wrong and yet was still closer to the truth than those who ridiculed him." J. Robert Oppenheimer is in the film, but not his nemesis, Edward Teller.

While there is no room in the twenty-four film episodes for anti-Communist intellectuals, there is lots of room and sympathy for Paul Robeson, winner of the Stalin Peace Prize in 1952. Robeson sang at rallies to protest aid to Britain when that nation stood alone against the Nazis. In 1948, Robeson supported the Communist-controlled Progressive party and its willing dupe, Henry A. Wallace. "Robeson went around the world," as William O'Neill put it, "endorsing a political system based on mass murder, forced labor, and the denial of every human right, accusing all who criticized him for doing so of bigotry."

One of the CNN episodes, entitled "Make Love Not War," deals

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with the street battle in Chicago at the 1968 Democratic convention and the SDS in the late 1960s and '70s. The writer of this episode is Germaine Greer—a woman deeply implicated in the domestic battles of those days. Why not a moment to discuss Norman Podhoretz's *Why We Were in Vietnam*, which demolishes incredible statements by Greer's sisters Mary McCarthy, Susan Sontag, and Frances Fitzgerald? Or Guenter Lewy's *America in Vietnam*? Or Paul Hollander's *Political Pilgrims: Western Intellectuals in Search of the Good Society*?

The series is at its worst in its selection of Soviet apologists, who are allowed to spout forth all kinds of nonsense without refutation. Soviet general Nikolai Detinov explains that the outcry when the Soviet Union pointed its new SS20 missiles westward was unjustified because "no one had any plans to attack Europe using SS20s." Is it possible that Turner's researchers overlooked Richard Pipes's famous 1977 *Commentary* report, which, citing article after article in Soviet military journals, showed that the Soviet Union believed it could fight and win a nuclear war?

Lavrenty Beria's son, Sergo, reports that he heard Stalin tell his father that the reason for the Stalin-Hitler Pact, signed in August 1939, was that the Soviet Union needed two years to prepare for the inevitable war with Nazi Germany. Was there no one to explain to CNN that Stalin did everything he could to strengthen Hitler right up to the very June 1941 day of the Nazi invasion, when Soviet freight-cars loaded with war essentials were traveling to Germany? Communist parties in the West, uttering obscene cries that fighting fascism was an imperialist plot, sabotaged the resistance of embattled France and Britain. In the United States the Communists in 1940 called political strikes to prevent France from receiving fighter planes it had paid for, and they cheered Hitler when France fell in June 1940. Stalin welcomed every Nazi victory. The CNN interviewers let the son of the monster Beria get away with his defense of the Stalin-Hitler Pact.

A CIA officer, Paul Henze, does receive a short interview, but he is never asked about his expertise on an event which goes unmentioned in the film: the attempted assassination of Pope John Paul II on May 13, 1981 in St. Peter's Square. The destruction of KAL Flight 007 on September 1, 1983, however, is treated fairly, with a fascinating interview with the Soviet pilot who, following orders, shot down the passenger plane.

American foreign policy in Central and South America throughout the Cold War is dealt with at great length, and everything the United States did there is declared wrong. Wouldn't it have been of some interest to have sought out Elliot Abrams, onetime assistant secretary of state for Central America, and to have asked him what he thought of the Soviet spokesman's claim of a hands-off policy towards Guatemala's Communist party?

Fidel Castro is the star of this Turner production, with his only rival the onetime president of the USSR, Mikhail Gorbachev—the man of whom Ted Turner once told *Time* magazine, "Gorbachev has probably moved more quickly than any person in the history of the world. Moving faster than Jesus Christ did." Turner's researchers overlook some of Gorbachev's more questionable statements made during his *offensive du charme* while he was running the USSR. "Stalinism is a concept thought up by the enemies of communism to discredit socialism as a whole," he told an interviewer in 1986. As late as 1990, he said, "I am a Communist, a convinced Communist. For some that may be a fantasy, but for me, it is my main goal."

One of the more striking omissions from the series is the USSR's signal failure over seventy years to lure Western and Asian trade unions into its orbit. Despite the Kremlin's enormous expenditures, the AFL-CIO, the British Trades Union Congress, and the German DGB

Clockwise: Nixon in China; The Berlin Wall comes down; and Roosevelt at Yalta.

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remained opposed to Moscow. Omitted also in what is otherwise an inspiring episode in the CNN series—the Berlin airlift—is the role of organized labor. General Lucius D. Clay, U.S. commander in Germany, attested to labor's contribution in unloading and distributing the two and a half million tons of food, coal, and other supplies delivered day and night between June 1948 and May 1949.

The most serious failure of this Cold War series is that it doesn't ask the question why we didn't have a Cold War with Britain, France, or any other country. I do not believe that it is simply because the Kremlin wanted to rule the world, although it did. The Cold War was the outgrowth of the deliberate misunderstanding of Soviet aims and the pretending by Churchill and Roosevelt during World War II that the Soviet Union could be a trustworthy postwar ally and in time become a democratic society. Nothing else explains FDR's foolish statement in 1945 about the genocidal Stalin: "I think that if I give him everything I possibly can without demanding anything in return, then . . . he will not attempt to annex anything and will work to build a peaceful and democratic world."

Churchill is shown making his "Iron Curtain" speech denouncing the Soviet empire. Forgotten is the day—February 27, 1945—when he told the House of Commons: "I know of no Government which stands to its obligations, even in its own despite, more solidly than the Russian Soviet government." And this at a time, as the CNN series shows, when the Red Army encamped on the banks of the Vistula while Polish freedom-fighters, emboldened by a promise of Soviet military support, attempted to retake Warsaw and were annihilated by the Reichswehr. Turner's Cold War series shows footage of the 1940 murder of fifteen thousand Polish officers near Smolensk—but makes only a glancing reference to the fact that both Churchill and Roosevelt, knowing that Stalin was responsible, said nothing when the Russians blamed the killing on the Nazis.

Similarly, the series makes reference to Roosevelt's desire to recognize the Soviet Union as soon as he took office in 1933. There is no mention of the pleas from State Department advisers like Loy Henderson, Charles Bohlen, and even George Kennan to be cautious in negotiating recognition. As late as 1953, Kennan wrote that America "should never have established de jure relations with the Soviet government."

In dealing with the Rosenbergs, the Turner researchers missed Vyacheslav Molotov's confirmation that the Rosenbergs had indeed been atomic spies. In his six-hundred-page volume of oral reminiscences, Molotov says, "It cannot be ruled out that they helped us. But we should not talk about that. This might prove useful to us in the future." Oral history, of course, but we have the documents, the archives, the public trial to confirm Molotov.

Why all this hullabaloo about a television series? Because Ted Turner, the billionaire ideologist, is going to peddle this documentary to schools at $230 for a set of twelve videos, two episodes on each one. This will be what our children learn about the Cold War. They will learn moral equivalence: The Communists shoot students in Tiananmen Square, we shoot them at Kent State. They will see a few shots of such realists as Zbigniew Brzezinski and Condoleezza Rice, but many more of the likes of the historian Raymond Garthoff—the man who wrote in his book *The Great Transition*, "A Manichean communist worldview spawned a Manichean anti-Communist worldview."

I am not suggesting that CNN is part of a vast left-wing conspiracy to brainwash our children or the American people about what happened during the Cold War and why the Cold War happened at all. I am suggesting something much worse—the full-flowering of a passé moral-equivalence ideology that benefits from a technique once described by Joseph Schumpeter: "Selective information, if in itself correct, is an attempt to lie by speaking the truth." ♦

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Parody

Among unheralded items in the 4,000-page federal budget approved last week were several grants endowing schools of higher education named after prominent former senators: $6 million to the Robert J. Dole Institute for Public Service and Public Policy at the University of Kansas; $1 million each to the Paul Simon Public Policy Institute at Southern Illinois University and the Mark O. Hatfield School of Government at Portland University. ***—News item***

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION BUDGET FOR FISCAL YEAR 1999 Appendix-57156

SPECIAL SELF-AGGRANDIZEMENT GRANTS TO USELESS ACADEMIC ENTERPRISES

Senatorial Division: Program and Financing

[in thousands of dollars]

Barbara Boxer Finishing School for Young Ladies	110,111
Special deportment grants	12,980
Al D'Amato Institute for Public Integrity	398,667
Salary to Bobbi D'Amato, Pres.	250
Salary and tips to Joey "The Prof" D'Amato	150
Salary to Dean Petey D'Amato	345
Vending machines	6,500,000
Anheuser-Busch/Edward M. Kennedy School of Bartending and Driver Education	605,000
Wages, salaries, and tips (waitresses at Bullfeathers)	50
The Barbara Mikulski Center for the Study of Human Sexuality	100,000
Film strips and slides	75,000
Leather	25,000
Trent Lott Dept. of Gay, Lesbian, and Kleptomaniac Studies, Ole Miss	0
Jesse Helms School for the Enjoyment of Tobacco Products	790,000
Outreach to Regional Schools, K-12	750,000
Mitch McConnell Center for Campaign-Finance Reform	340,000
Hors d'œuvres for Fund-raiser	340,000
Biden-Leahy College of Hair Care for Men	1,000,000
Charles Robb Institute of Swedish Massage	100,000
Towels, scented oils, misc.	50,000
Construction of Bill Clinton Memorial Lounge	50,000
United States Senate Center for Reelection Studies	1,600,000,000

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THE Weekend

The event formerly known as Dark Ages

December 30, 1998 - January 2, 1999

Directors

Laura Ingraham

Jay Lefkowitz

David Horowitz

Steering Committee

The Hon. Spencer Abraham

The Hon. Robert Bork

Jeb Bush

Lionel Chetwynd

The Hon. Pete du Pont

The Hon. Mark Foley

George Gilder

Mary Ann Glendon

The Hon. C. Boyden Gray

Arianna Huffington

The Hon. Kay Bailey Hutchison

William Kristol

The Hon. Jon Kyl

The Hon. Trent Lott

The Hon. John McCain

The Hon. Susan Molinari

Grover Norquist

P.J. O'Rourke

Ralph Reed

Phil Rizzuto

The Hon. Fred Thompson

If you are tired of the same old traditions of ringing in the New Year, would like to escape from the winter weather and bask in the luxurious comfort of a world class spa and resort, and if you would like to get some insight from experts on the future course of the country in political, cultural, and economic domains, then you need to be at **The Weekend**.

The Weekend will be a four day event held on December 30, 1998 - January 2, 1999—filled with gourmet food, fabulous entertainment, and intellectual insight into national and international affairs that affect us all.

Some of our confirmed speakers include:

House Speaker Newt Gingrich (Keynote), **Sen. Spencer Abraham, Jim Barksdale** (CEO Netscape), **Lionel Chetwynd, Matt Drudge, Larry Elder, Christina Hoff-Sommers, David Horowitz, Stanley Hubbard** (CEO U.S. Satellite Broadcasting), **Arianna Huffington, Rep. Henry Hyde, Laura Ingraham, Sen. Jon Kyl, Jon Ledecky** (CEO U.S. Office Products), **Tod Lindberg, Rich Lowry, Sen. John McCain, Jack McDonough** (CEO Miller Brewing Co.), **RNC Chairman Jim Nicholson, Grover Norquist, John Podhoretz, Rep. Jim Rogan, Sen. Rick Santorum, Sen. Fred Thompson, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., Rep. J.C. Watts, Rep. Jerry Weller, and Rep. Curt Weldon.**

Our panel discussions will touch on:

Government & Technology: The Competitive Frontier
America's Ethnic Future and How We Need to Address It
A Candid Discussion on the President's Morality
Foreign Affairs: Are We Delegating Away Our Authority?
Educational Choice: A Revolution in the Making
The Clinton Scandal & the Political Future

No New Years would be complete without a party and a live band—and what a party we have planned.

On January 1, the Center for the Study of Popular Culture will host a **Conservatism With A Heart** banquet to showcase individuals and projects that are making a difference in the lives of the disadvantaged, employing private solutions to public problems.

On January 2, the Second Annual celebrity **Golfing for Kids Classic** charity event to benefit the CEO and CSF scholarship programs for inner city children will kick off pairing up players with members of Congress and Hollywood celebrities. House Speaker **Newt Gingrich** will be the keynote speaker at the awards banquet.

Now in its third year, **The Weekend** is an alternative to the Friends of Bill (FOB) love-in held every year in Hilton Head, SC. Originally conceived by attorney Jay Lefkowitz and news analyst and author Laura Ingraham, this popular event is now produced by the Center for the Study of Popular Culture.

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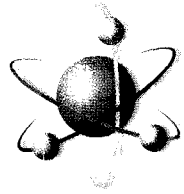
SPLIT FOR

POWER



CRUSH FOR

Splitting the atom may be one of man's most impressive scientific achievements, but let's not forget that **crushing the soybean** has some powerful results of its own. Studies have shown that the **isoflavones** found in soy **help maintain bone health, thus supporting the body's natural defense against osteoporosis**. **Choline**—an essential component of **soy lecithin**—is thought to be **essential for brain and liver function**. And **soy protein** itself has been proven to **reduce cholesterol levels** in more than 40 clinical studies.

So when you want to unleash the power of nuclear physics, get yourself an atom and split away. But when you want good nutrition, get yourself some foods made from soy.

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